

Joseph F. Smith

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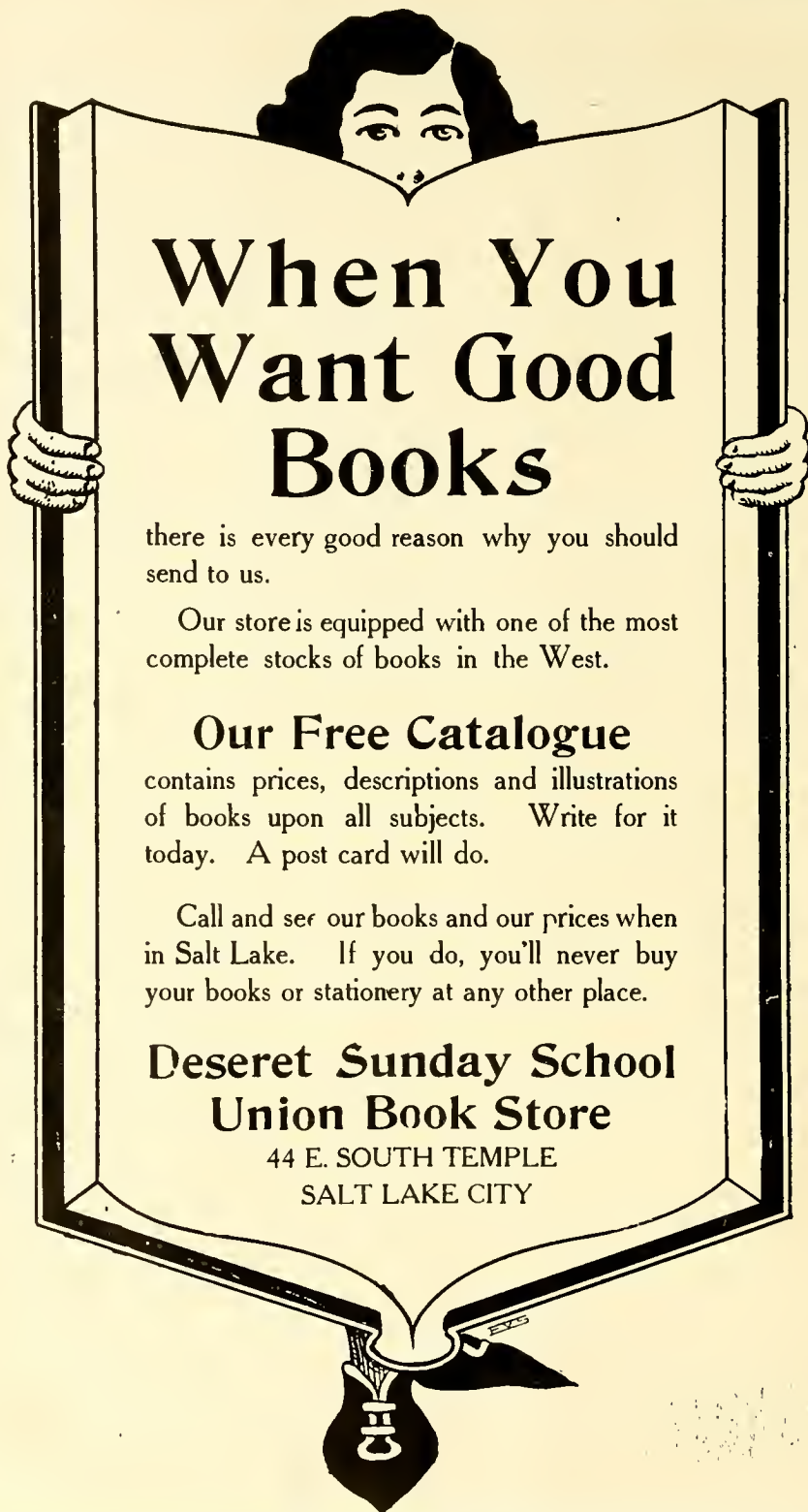


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Maytime.

By Grace Ingles Frost

Ah, glorious, glorious Maytime,
So fragiley beauteous, sweet;
Thou comest, ethereal maiden,
Thy garlands to lay at our feet.

The breath from thy rosy lips smiling,
Doth tear-drops of April efface;
The sun wooing well with fond kisses,
Holding thee close in embrace.

With hand clasped in hand of thy lover,
Thou whispereth unto the trees,
And they to earth's altar their incense
Give 'pon the wings of the breeze.

Maytime, thou glorious Maytime,
That knoweth not sorrow nor gloom,
Whose day is a day but of singing,
Of perfume, of sunshine and bloom.

Tho' we may not learn all thy secrets,
That birds, leaves and blossoms fair know,
O, may our lives like thy spirit,
Into more perfect harmonies grow!



PART OF THEOLOGICAL CLASS, TOKYO SUNDAY SCHOOL, JAPAN.

1, Supt. James Scowcroft; 2, Wm. R. Fairbourn, Instructor of Theological Department; 3, Jay C. Jensen, Sec'y of Mission and Instructor of Second Intermediate Department; 4, Chiyo Koji, who, with Edna H. Thomas, teaches the Primary Department; 5, Elbert D. Thomas, Pres. of mission; 6, Grant Ivins, Sec'y. of Sunday School. Of the 21 native Saints in Tokyo 10 are in this picture.

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Sunday Schools in Japan.

[By Elbert D. Thomas, in a letter to the General Board.]

The Japanese government and people do not, of course, recognize the Sabbath as such; but the government, long ago, realizing the benefits of a weekly rest day, established one and chose the day corresponding to Sunday on the western calendar. All the schools, all the government offices, and many of the banks and larger stores now close on this day, which naturally gives the Sunday Schools a chance to do effective work. The attendance generally is all that our houses will hold, and as yet our children have not had time to grow up in the Gospel through the Sunday School; still we feel that many are preparing for it, and that it will only be a matter of time for the results of Sunday School work to show themselves in our "baptisms performed" column.

Here it might be well to remark that the system of missionary work carried on in Japan by both Greek and Roman Catholic churches, is, at least in theory, Sunday School missionary work, and their success is considered, I think, the most lasting among the Christian churches here. Their work is done entirely through the schools and they are satisfied to wait for the children to grow up to become converts. They do practically no work at all among those older than children who are not of their faith. The Catholic with his centuries of experience, knows that lasting results are brought about slowly and by grinding in well the fundamentals.

Our work is done almost entirely among the student class, and our Sunday Schools are so popular with the children that the question with us is not increased attendance, but desirable attendance. In one of the fields the missionaries hold one Sunday School on Sunday, another on Monday afternoon in an adjacent town, and still another on Thursday afternoon in another town. They are all considered successful. As "Sabbath" does not mean "Sunday" to the Japanese, they are all called Sabbath Schools.

Our Sunday School problems are becoming fewer all the time, as our native Saints are getting stronger in their ability to teach and thus help the missionaries. For any country where there is a language to be learned, our experiences in Japan teach us that Sunday School teaching develops the missionary in the language better than any other one means.

Parents are reachable through their children and they become friends generally, if not investigators. The stories of the Gospel are carried in interesting little bits into the households by the children. The moral, ethical, manly, parent-respecting part of our religion fits Japanese Bushido spirit perfectly; and while parents do not care for the divine part of the gospel, they like their children to learn the other, and have no objection to their believing the divine if they wish, and really are pleased at what their children learn.

Piney Ridge Cottage.

The Love Story of a "Mormon" Country Girl.

By Nephi Anderson.

VI.

Two hours later the two men left the room, and went out into the yard. Chester's team was hitched; he climbed into the buggy, and was all ready to drive off.

"We'll part friends, Mr. Elston," said the young man, holding out his hand—"I should like to."

"It will be a pleasure for me to be your friend—yours and your mother's—if you will let me—good afternoon."

The buggy rolled out of the yard, and was soon lost to sight down the hill. Hugh Elston then walked slowly back to the house, went to the foot of the stairs and called his daughter. There was no response.

"Julia!"

Everything was silent. He climbed the stairs, pushed open the door, and there was Julia asleep on her bed. He went softly up to her. There were signs of weeping in her face. He turned to leave her, but she awoke.

"Is that you, father?"

"Yes, my girl. Did you have a good sleep?"

"No; I had an unpleasant dream." She sat up.

"You have been crying. What is it about?" He patted her head and cheek.

She choked back tears that were in danger of coming, but said nothing. "It's warm up here," she said, "let's go down stairs."

"You had better finish your dinner," he suggested.

"I had all I wanted. Has he—Mr. Lawrence gone?"

"He just left."

"What was the matter with him, and you too? Oh, father, I think you might tell me. You are keeping something from me."

He went to the door and looked out. "Put on your hat, and we will take a walk. The sun is not so hot this afternoon."

She obeyed, and together they took the path out towards the little graveyard. There was always a Sabbath stillness at Piney Ridge Cottage, but Sunday afternoons had a solemnity distinct from the rest of the days. Then they were usually alone, for they discouraged visiting by never doing it themselves. It was a day of rest with them. After the Sunday School and meetings, they spent the time in reading and talking, often taking the book out to the grassy plat by the graves. But this afternoon no book was taken, and for a time very little was said. Julia had not often seen her father so full of emotion and she wondered at it, blaming herself somewhat for her actions.

They sat down on the grass in the shade of the bushes. The great, gray Flat lay before them, forming the bottom of an ocean of clear air stretching to the distant mountains. A crawling speck was seen down below, leaving a trail of dust behind: that was the departing visitor. Away to the far horizon a streak of black contaminated the virgin air: that was the smoke from the locomotive. Civilization brought foulness as well as improvements in its wake.

"My girl," began the father, "I will tell you this that you want to know."

"Don't, father, if it pains you. Forgive me for asking."

"You ought to know now. I have kept it from you long enough. I should have told you before, perhaps, but I have never been able to bring myself to it; but now this man Chester Lawrence has come, and you must

know the truth, and know it from me."

Julia appeared afraid of something, afraid that some revelation of dire results was to come. The father guessed as much and said with a smile,

"My girl, it is nothing bad at all—nothing that reflects discredit or dishonor on any of us."

"I was alarmed, for a moment—but go on, father."

"You already know that your mother was not my first wife."

"Yes, you have told me that."

"Well, this was many years ago. My first wife was Chester Lawrence's mother."

"Father!"

"I married her back in the States. I thought she was a good woman—she was a good woman, one who had made a sad mistake, and was trying hard to forget it, to live it down. She did not tell me all her past until we were married. I forgave her and told her I would help her, and I did. I did all in my power. I am sure she appreciated it then * * and we were happy.

"One day a 'Mormon' elder came to our house. I was away to work, but my wife received his tracts at the door. We read the tracts together and immediately understood them. It was as though we had known the gospel which they preached, but had forgotten it. For a year we did not see another elder. Then when he did come, we did not let him depart from our home until we were baptized.

"Then we came west, locating down at Altone. My wife left her boy behind. When he was a few weeks old she had placed him with a near relative, and there he grew up. I did not know of it, as I told you, until the boy was two years old. I told my wife that she could have her child and I would do for him the best I could; but now the foster mother would not give him up. So the mother had to leave him * * I never saw the boy until this morning. Then

I knew it was he, for he has his mother's face and voice.

"I had taken up some land at Altone; but in those first years it was a struggle. I was new at farming, being a carpenter by trade, and therefore had much to learn. Anna, my wife, tried to bear her burdens patiently, but I could see that they bore hard on her. She was naturally of a disposition to look on the dark side of everything and that made things harder. She had been brought up somewhat a 'lady' in the common misuse of that term. She had to learn to milk cows and do some other menial but necessary work about our place, for I was not always at home. These things always grated on her, I could see, so I spared her all I could.

"No children came to us. This was a great disappointment to me. One, two, three years went by. We were doing fairly well on our farm. Anna kept well in touch with her folks in the States, and on a number of times she had asked if she couldn't have her boy. She would come for him, she said; but they were more eager than ever to keep him, for they knew he would come to a "Mormon" home, and they thought that would be the greatest possible calamity.

"Our nearest neighbor was a widow by the name of Winston. She had an only daughter, Agnes. Agnes and my wife became great friends. My wife was five years older than the girl, but this did not seem to make any difference in the closeness of their friendship. They were much together, and I encouraged it, because it gave company for my wife, especially when I was away working on the irrigation canal.

"In those days, as you know, the principle of plurality of wives was practiced by our people. My wife, of course, knew of it, but that was one subject we hardly ever discussed. I can see now that I was at fault in that, for there ought never to be anything that could not be freely talked about between husband and wife. She

knew that I believed the principle, theoretically, at least; but I was not so sure of her, and I did not wish to trouble her mind, for the truth to say I had never thought of taking another wife. I am speaking plainly to you, Julia, so that you may understand thoroughly."

"Yes, father."

"The Widow Winston died suddenly, leaving Agnes absolutely alone. Many friends came to her assistance, and many offered to give her a home, but she would not leave the little house wherein she and her mother had lived. She seemed to love the solitude, Julia, even as you love it, and she was never afraid to stay all alone away off from any neighbors. Alone she looked after the garden, cared for a large flock of chickens, and drove the cows to and from the pasture. Many times, I have no doubt, she was lonesome and sad."



"She drove the cows to and from the pasture."

"About this time I was away much, having taken a hauling contract, and so my wife had Agnes stay with her. Together they milked and churned and gathered the eggs, then my wife going to Agnes' little house to do the same for her. They talked on many

things, these two, and among the topics was that of plurality of wives. Your mother told me about it afterwards. My wife seemed to have had a feeling that some day I would want another wife, and so these two had agreed that if that time ever came, Agnes was to be the one.

"Well, Agnes, pure, simple-hearted girl thought my wife meant what she said. After that the girl came oftener to our house when I was home. She was not so shy of me as she had been. We often spoke of the time when I was the school teacher, and she spelled the school down. The girl became livelier. She would laugh at our jokes, and even crack some herself. During the years of her development into womanhood, she became a sweet-faced woman, open-hearted and pure as the clearest air or sweetest-flowing stream in the mountains.

"Then something came to me—which was that Agnes loved me. I could see it in every look, every word, every movement. And that love was just as pure as she herself was pure. That secret and to her sacred compact made with my wife had removed any bar, so that she had let her love flow freely from the fullness of her great heart. She lived in it. It filled her whole being, and in it she grew into that beautiful woman, your mother."

Hugh Elston arose from the grass, went over to the low mound and placed his hand caressingly on the marble headstone. Then he looked out over the valley to the disappearing trail of dust, came back to Julia, and then continued:

"When my wife came to understand the girl's feelings she turned on her. She did not try to control herself, but she stormed terribly, flying at the astonished and frightened Agnes in a terrible rage, and accusing her of all that is vile and mean. The poor girl fled.

"'Anna,' I said, 'what are you doing?'

"'I? I?' she shouted. 'It isn't I.

It's you and that girl that's doing; but I'll not stand for it! Take her, marry her! I'm going.'

"I tried to reason with her, but that was useless. The poor woman seemed to have lost control over herself. I remained at home for days. Agnes did not come near, and when on the fourth day, I went to her home, I found the house locked, the cows driven to a neighbor's, the chickens gone, and the garden drying up for want of water. I went back and told my wife what I had found.

"She hasn't gone far,' was all she said.

"The days dragged on miserably—and they were black to me. Anna's love seemed to have turned to hate. She would not go to meeting. She would not join in prayer. She derided sacred things. Agnes was gone—gone a long way—to Salt Lake, I learned. She did not write and I did not know her address. I don't know what I would have written had I known it. Months passed.

"It was just before the October Conference, when I proposed to Anna that we go to conference.

"And you're going to find Agnes,' she responded.

"I may try,' I said.

"Then I shall not stop in Salt Lake—I'll go with you, but I'll go farther—I'll go on East, back home, to my boy—'

"We'll not go to conference, then.'

"Oh, yes,' she replied. 'Don't be a fool. I know.'—She thought she knew me, Julia, but she didn't—she never did.

"We went to Salt Lake, my wife having her trunk fully packed for a longer journey. I supplied her with money and she bought a ticket to her home town. I said good-bye to her at the depot. She was dry-eyed, and the kiss she gave me was cold—oh, I never knew until that hour what a difference there is between the heart, cold and hardened and the heart kept melted by implicit faith in the love of God. * * *

"I found Agnes, working as a domestic in a family. She was but the shadow of her former self. She longed for the freedom of the open and the wild, but she would not go home with me, even though I told her all that had happened.

"No; she said, 'she may come back; no—not yet.'

"There was no need of words to tell each other our feelings, so nothing was said—but we understood.

"Anna wrote me a note, saying she had arrived at home, where she was going to stay for good. That was the



"Many times, I have no doubt, she was lonesome and sad."

last I ever heard of her until her son talked to me this afternoon.

"Within a year I prevailed upon Agnes to marry me. We drove all the way to St. George to be married in the temple. Then we left Altone, and came out here and laid the foundation of Piney Ridge Cottage. It was she, your mother, my girl, that first saw the twelve pines, that gave the ridge, and later the house, their names. It was she who planted the little garden in front. It was she who said, 'We must build the house big enough, for Anna may some day want to come back—and she shall have the best when she does.' And it was that dear, brave, noble-hearted mother of yours, whose earthly body lies here

amid the solitude that she loved, that wrote to Anna asking her to come back and share what we had of home and love."

The man could say no more, for the last words were hard to utter. He bowed his head in his hands, and Julia, with arm pressing the gray head to hers of brown, mingled her tears with his.

The sun went down. The Sabbath closed. The father and daughter went silently hand in hand, along the path from the grave-yard back to Piney Ridge Cottage.

VII.

Chester Lawrence drove into the station of Croft and, after disposing of his team, he went to the only "hotel" in the place. Much as he disliked staying at a cheap railroad lodging house, he would have to do it, because his train would not be in until morning. He would much rather have remained at Piney Ridge—but—

After supper he went to his room. The day had been warm, and he had passed through some wearing experiences; he was, therefore, tired. The flies with which this "hotel" was infested were settling on ceiling and hangings, but the mosquitoes still buzzed about his ears. Close the windows he could not, so the only thing to do was to blow out the lamp and go to bed.

But sleep did not come easily to Chester Lawrence. The bed was not comfortable, and there were the strange experiences of the day to think about. Sermons and religious services are supposed to have a tendency to sleepiness, but a review of those he had heard in that little house out among the sage-brush, had no such effect on Chester. He could not understand why his mother carried such hatred against these people and their religion. He had been led to believe that the "Mormons" were closely akin to the heathen, that they were not Christian in any sense, and that the chief prin-

ciple of their religion was polygamy. Why, he had not even heard polygamy mentioned, let alone seeing it in full swing in practice. Of course, he had not investigated thoroughly, but as far as he had inquired there were no polygamists in or around the Flat. It was reported that one man away on the other side of the hill had two wives, which rather than desert in a time of past trouble he had taken with him to this wild region; but that was the only case known to the people of Croft. Simple these "Mormons" were, but not ignorant; unpolished, some of them, but not rude; out of style and not up-to-date, but not immoral. It was a strange mixture. Then there was Mr. Elston and his daughter—two fine people. His mother's former husband, the only one she had ever had, had told the young man much, and that young man could not help thinking about it. Just a small doubt came to him of his mother's wisdom in past actions. Then there was Julia—Gray's line came to him:

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its fragrance on the desert air."

The picture of her as he had first seen her reclining on the grass by her mother's grave was recalled. She had been quite talkative that day, but this day she had avoided him, hardly speaking. At one time he had caught her big brown eyes looking furtively at him. She, of course, had been curious. Very likely she knew nothing of her father's relationship to his mother.

The freight trains rumbled by the station, making the ramshackle "hotell" shake. Piney Ridge cottage faded in the light, and the young man slept.

He awoke early, got up, washed and dressed. He had hours yet to wait for breakfast and the train. He would write to his mother:

DEAR MOTHER:

I am here again at the station of Croft. Yesterday I visited Piney Ridge Cottage, "I came, I saw," and was nearly conquered. I attended church with the people on the Flat. In the first place, you will have to

give up any hope of compelling Mr. Elston to give any of his property to you as a former wife—we have no chance whatever in that direction. Besides, Mr. Elston is not rich as we were led to believe. I think that perhaps the way he lives, and the way he has fixed up his home has led some to think that he must be well off—but Piney Ridge Cottage and a few acres surrounding it are all he has. I am sure of that. But Mr. Elston is an uncommon man—above the average. He may not be wealthy in this world's goods, but he has something else—mother, I wish I had more of it—character. This stands out boldly in the man. One can feel it in his presence. I tried to be important and to be angry, but I failed in each case. In his quiet, resourceful way he made me feel how little I was, on what a little errand I had come.

Mr. Elston knew me. He said I had my mother's face and voice—these he has not forgotten. I could not deceive the man; he read my very thoughts, and so I gave up trying to be sly or smart.

As I said, I visited their Sunday School and church. I was on the road when I met Mr. Elston and Julia, and by his invitation I accompanied them. I kept my eyes and ears open, but I failed to hear or see anything bad. Miss Elston was the teacher of the primary class; Mr. Elston taught the young men and older girls. In this class they had a story from the Book of Mormon which you might remember. It was about some two thousand young men who had been taught by their mothers to have such faith in God, that when it came to a war for right and liberty not one of them was slain in battle. It was interesting and I think I shall get one of those Books of Mormon to read. I don't remember ever having seen it before.

Well, after the meeting, we all drove to Piney Ridge and there we had dinner. It consisted of milk—cool and sweet and rich, and bread of Julia's baking. I enjoyed it. Then Mr. Elston and I had a long talk, and then and there, mother, is when I learned much—much more than you have ever told me. I suppose he told me the truth—I could not doubt his statements for they agreed with and explained more fully what I have known.

Don't think, mother, that I am finding fault with you; I am not. You, no doubt, did just right—you couldn't have done otherwise, but I have been thinking what a pity some things are as they are. I might have had a father in Mr. Elston and a sister in Julia. But no, I don't want—that could not be—I'm afraid I'm somewhat muddled, so I had better quit. I didn't sleep well last night.

I think that I shall remain in the country some time yet. I like it, both up here,

and in and around Salt Lake. There are many splendid openings for investment and money-making here. I believe this is the coming country. I wouldn't mind having a section or two of this dry land, and they say there are some good mining prospects in the hills. I'll write you again when my plans are further matured. Meanwhile, dear mother, forget all about Mr. Elston and all that pertains to them. Live in peace and contentment the rest of your life. I shall see that you are never in need.

Your loving Son,

CHESTER.

It had been a "blue Monday" for Julia. All day it had been an uphill struggle. The lessons had been poorly recited, the children had been restless and noisy. There had been pin sticking, hair pulling, cheating in spelling and copying in arithmetic, all in one afternoon. The children were to have remained to practice for the closing exercises, a week hence, but they had been dismissed abruptly. Julia was very much discouraged. She was glad her teaching was so near its close.

But Julia was just going through the experience that all school-teachers have gone through. At the close of the day, with store of vitality nearly exhausted, weak and discouraged, the teacher vows that this term or year will be the last. She is not equal to the task, she says. She is a failure, anyway; but the night works miracles. In the morning there is elasticity in her step, a song in her heart, and she goes forth with the strength and gladness of a new-born day. Julia had experienced this, but for all that the Monday had been bluer than ever. The fault had been, no doubt, her own. She had been so full of her father's story the evening before, that she could not get her mind on her work.

The children scampered homeward, and the school house became quiet. A new *Harper's* which the post-man had delivered Saturday evening had not yet been opened. She took it from her desk and tore off the wrapper. Julia liked to open her magazines properly when she had time to do it. There is much unsurfeited joy in the

magazine that comes to one through the mail, clean, with the smell of new ink, and the uncut leaves—a joy that is not obtained by frequenting the crowded book-stalls of the cities.

Julia always began at the beginning to enjoy her magazine. She looked leisurely at the front advertising pages, and took quite an interest in the announcement of new books. In this way she became acquainted with many titles and authors. Then came a long list of schools where young men and young women were prepared for the higher colleges. She wondered why these schools did not prepare for life, instead of one school preparing for another. Going to school surely wasn't the end of existence! These schools were pictured as being situated amid beautiful surroundings of forest and lake—she would like to attend one of these.

Then with her pen knife, Julia cut the regular pages, reading the headings, and looking at the pictures. Thus she went deliberately through the magazine, not paying much attention to the back page advertisements of steam engines and automobiles.

Julia looked at her watch to see if she had time to read any before going home. Just as she decided she had, she saw someone drive up to the open door and look in at her.

"Halloo, Julia!" shouted a young man from his buggy.

Julia stepped to the door. "Well, Glen Curtiss, of all things! When did you get home?"

"Yesterday; and today I thought I would drive around to see the new school teacher." He sprang to the ground, fastened his horse, and came into the house. They shook hands, and then walked up to the front.



"Many a time as boy and girl, they had met at the pole fence and talked over 'the serious problems of life.'"

where Julia seated herself behind her desk while Glen reclined on a seat.

"Well, and how do you like it by this time?" he asked.

"I don't like it a bit today; but I may like it all right tomorrow."

"Yes; I know; you're right. It's an up and down business, isn't it? One day you're up in the clouds, the next you are down in the deepest dumps; but we'll have our reward—in heaven."

Glen was always such a jolly fellow, and his cheerful face and merry mood were bringing Julia's spirits back again.

She and Glen had been good friends for years, and many a time, as boy and girl, looking after the grazing cows, they had met at the pole fence and talked over "the serious problems of life."

She had not seen him for two years, and how big and manlike he had become! She questioned him about his doings, and he told her that he had been teaching school in one of the southern counties. He had to do it to get money enough to go on with his own schooling, he explained.

"Well, I'm teaching for the experience," said Julia.

"And you're getting it, I understand. I want to give you fair warning. The trustees are after you, I heard it from Sis who heard it from Mary Sanders, who heard it from her father the trustee. So it must be straight."

"What have you heard?"

"Well, there are three serious charges against you: First, that you teach reading without first teaching the alphabet; second, that you do not drill on the multiplication table backwards; third, that you and the school children play in the mud when you ought to be in the school-house studying your lessons. Are you guilty or not guilty?" he chuckled.

"I plead guilty to all but the last charge. We were studying geography down by the spring. Getting concepts, or some such things in the

natural way. Anyway, it was the best lesson I ever presented—but those stupid trustees didn't know it."

He laughed heartily at her, and then told of some of his own experience. "One of the trustees down where I've been teaching thought I was earning my money too easily. He had no idea that a man could work with his brain, nor did he understand the nervous drain resulting from the working of mind with mind. He knew that if his hoe came in contact with the clods in his garden frequently enough the hoe would wear out, because the hoe and the clods were material. He used to tell me when I made fun of his poor plowing, that a crooked furrow, being longer than a straight one, would grow more potatoes. Well, I remember one afternoon as I was going home after school, listless, fagged out, hardly able to drag one foot after the other, I passed this man working in his garden. He was a big, muscular fellow, his body full of red blood. Leaning on his hoe, he observed me coming, and when opposite him he said, 'Well, you school-teachers have a slick time, don't you? You go to work at nine in the morning and quit at four in the afternoon. We farmers have to work from daylight to dark.'

"'Well, you don't look any the worse for it,' I replied as I passed—but that's the idea some people have."

"But, say, Glen, this is new business for me. What about these charges the trustees hold against me?"

"They're silly—foolish. As soon as the superintendent hears of them, he'll tell the trustees what's what. I should judge," said he, looking around critically at the room and then at her, "that you are a pretty good teacher."

"Oh, thank you—but you always were such a tease. How long are you going to stay at home this time?"

"Just a few days. I've a job coming, and I must be off again. Say, how are the roads up toward Piney Ridge?"

"They're dusty."

"But it's cool and green at the other

end of the road?"

"You mean at our end?"

"Yes, at Piney Ridge Cottage."

"Well, yes,"—she paused and then laughed—"Cool and green," she repeated, "well, I never!"

"What's the joke?"

"Nothing, nothing. I'll have to be going. It's time I was off."

They passed out together, he helping to hitch her horse. When she was

seated, he handed her the lines.

"I understand you have your closing program next Friday."

"Yes."

"I'm coming, if I may."

"Why, of course; but I warn you, you won't see much."

She touched the horse with the lines, and he moved away from the wheels.

"I'll see you," said Glen.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Arab and His Religion.

By J. M. Tanner.

IV.

There are really three centers from which the law of Islam is strongly inculcated—centers that contain the ablest representatives of the Mohammedan faith. These centers are Constantinople, Cairo, and Damascus. At Constantinople the Turk is predominant. In Constantinople and Damascus the Arab holds sway. In Cairo one finds perhaps the greatest willingness among the priests and teachers of the Koran to discuss the faith of Islam. Cairo is in touch with the modern world. Represented by the leaders of various denominations in Damascus there is more exclusiveness, but with all an intense belief among the Arab teachers of the Mohammedan faith, that their religion is as far above the Christian faith as the heavens are above the earth. In Constantinople may be found both Turks and Arabs who have received a liberal education in the Universities of Europe. These men having come in touch with the outside world and having learned something of the practical working of Christianity among the inhabitants of Europe are generally ready to accept anything in the nature of a challenge to discuss the relative merits of Islam with other religions. One might easily imagine after read-

ing the Koran that he would have an easy discussion bearing down the arguments of his Moslem friends. Looking upon the Koran from a Christian point of view it appears vulnerable from many sides. I occupied in Constantinople rooms near by those occupied by an educated Turk and by a well informed Arab who were familiar with the teachings of the Bible. I often discussed with them the teachings of the Koran; called their attention to the inconsistencies I found therein from a Christian point of view. These inconsistencies they made no attempt to explain away but called my attention to what they consider equally greater inconsistencies in the Bible from a Mohammedan point of view. It is wonderful after all how different things look as we change our point of view from one position to another. I soon discovered that I had no easy task in combating the Moslem faith. We can often go a long way in our arguments without any serious interruptions as long as we take things for granted. These Mohammedans were as familiar with my Bible as I was with their Koran.

Whatever we may think of the inspiration of God to man, did that inspiration reach us through the words of the Bible or through less remarkable words of the Koran, we always

find when the things of God are mingled with the things of man a strong human element in the combination. The great question then after all is not whether in some work of divine inspiration there are elements often so human as to be child-like, but whether the divine element preponderates and is lifting man from a high to a higher standard of living. The process of revelation in its broadest sense is after all a wonderful filtration through human nature. That which in the beginning was purely divine becomes colored in contact with humanity. The question then after all is not whether in the Koran there are contradictions, inconsistencies or child-like explanations, but whether the divine element in it so preponderates as to lift up the human race and focus the attention of the human family on the great purposes of the Almighty.

From the Christian point of view, the Koran cannot be said to be interesting reading, though there runs through the entire book noble and exalting inspiration. No one can read it without understanding why it has had so wholesome an effect upon the mind of the Moslem world. To read the Koran is a real task for the Christian but it is read and re-read more devoutly by the followers of Mohammed than the Bible is today by the followers of Christ. In the Mohammedan world the Koran is the book of all books. It is the book of the school-room, the book of the home, the book of the mosque. The universality of its use is perhaps unknown to any other book ever published. From its pages select expressions have been learned and repeated almost daily for years by the devotees of that faith. Some examples are here given for the peculiar style and thought which the book contains: "God is knowing and

wise. God desireth to be gracious unto you; but they who follow their own lusts, desire that ye should turn aside from the truth with great deviation. God is minded to make His religion light unto you; for man was created weak." Here follows from the Koran a very beautiful and convincing thought: "If ye turn aside from grievous sins, of those which ye are forbidden to commit, I will cleanse from you smaller thoughts; and will introduce you unto paradise with an honorable entry." These "grievous" sins, tradition tell us, Mohammed enumerates as follows: (1) Idolatry, (2) murder, (3) falsely accusing modest women of adultery, (4) wasting the substance of orphans, (5) taking of usury, (6) desertion in a religious expedition, (7) disobedience to parents.

The Koran is not a logically arranged book; one in which the thoughts are developed methodically. The critic has sometimes found in it the greatest jumble, as the writer passes in rapid succession from one class of ideas to another; to ideas that have no relation to that which goes before. The book is often argumentative. Mohammed in one place answers the objection of the Jews and in another place the false teachings of the Christians. When he was criticized by the wise men of Mecca he challenged them to produce anything like it. Of those who believe in the book he declares: "Do they not attentively consider the Koran? If it had been from any besides God they would certainly have found therein many contradictions." What is the Koran? How came Mohammed to write it? What relation has it to the teachings of both Jews and Christians in Mohammed's time? These are interesting questions, the theme of the chapter which follows this.

I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true.

—*Abraham Lincoln*

"The Greatest of These."

By Beulah Burrows.

My own five-year-old daughter brought her in to me, for the first time, about six months ago—such a forlorn, ill-kept, little creature.

"Nana!" I exclaimed in consternation, "where have you been, now?"

"Mamma," she said, her delight in her newly found playmate not chilled in the least, "ain't she cute an' she on'y lives 'cross by Brownses. Come up so my mamma can see you, Lucy."

The other little girl came forward obediently and regarded me with serene eyes and confident smile in spite of my aversion and her soiled gingham apron. One stocking was down revealing a cold, blue little knee and both shoelaces were undone, dragging and muddy, and—

"Nana!" I said with a repulsive shudder, "if she hasn't a handkerchief give her yours."

Nana did so, and then, nothing daunted, "Mamma, may we cut out paper dolls in the kitchen an' build a playhouse?"

They played for an hour or more and when the little girl had gone I scolded Nana heartily.

"I shouldn't think you'd like to play with such dirty little girls."

"Oh, mamma," she said reproachfully, "she's so cute."

After that, do as I might, the two were most always together. Nana would steal out somehow and soon I would see them playing out on the sidewalk or up on the front porch.

One rainy day Nana fretted and coaxed the whole morning.

"Why can't I go over to Lucy's?"

"Because, you'll get your feet wet and catch cold."

"Well then, can't Lucy come over here?"

Just about that time Nana's Uncle Howard called in and I forgot her, but in a few moments she came dragging the other little girl in behind her.

"Lucy's come over to play," she announced half defiantly.

"Great guns!" ejaculated Uncle Howard with such force that the little stranger clutched Nana's hand nervously.

"Stand her out in the rain awhile, Nana," he went on in a moment, with one of his big laughs.

"Oh! Uncle Howard, what for?" began Nana.

He made a terribly wry face.

"Just to see if it won't rinse off some of that—that—that—that real estate!"

My daughter began whispering assurances and hovering about the other in motherly solicitude and protectiveness; then, casting one look full of indignation in her uncle's direction she drew her little friend into the bathroom and closed the door.

We heard the turning of faucets and running water and Uncle Howard decided to remain and see the results, but it was some time before they emerged, Nana pushing the other little girl out first, with her face scrubbed to a rosy glow and shining with soap, and hair so wet and patted so closely to her head that two little tricklets were running down in front of each ear. Lo!—and enveloped in a fresh slip of Nana's own.

Uncle Howard leaned forward and sat beaming upon them approvingly.

"Now, I call that something like," he said, rubbing his hands together.

It was some three weeks after this incident, that with the suddenness and awfulness that such accidents always happen, Nana and I followed the pitifully broken body of little Lucy to her home—she had been run over by an automobile in the street.

After rendering what services I could for the grief-stricken mother, we returned home.

"Oh, and she was so cute," whispered Nana with tragic lips.

Putting my arms about her, I min-

gled my tears of self-abasement with her innocent ones.

"And the greatest of these is charity—and the greatest of these is charity," came to me and would not be stilled.

My daughter, in her innocence, had done something, that in my narrow-mindedness I had refused to do—recognized a little soul as white and pure and unspotted as her own, though it happened to be clothed in soiled raiment.

Through this, I became acquainted

with little Lucy's mother and found her to be a woman much my superior though lacking the gift of management and cleanliness. Very poor and with many little faces to wash, bodies to clothe, and shoelaces to tie, she is really not to be blamed, anyhow. And I never cease marveling at the love and kindness and cheerfulness with which she rises above her trials and pours forth at every moment. Ah, she has taught me much, for after all—"the greatest of these is charity."

"Feed My Lambs!"

"So when they had dined, Jesus said to Simon Peter, Simon son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these? He saith to Him, Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Feed my lambs." Three times did Jesus ask this question and three times did Peter declare his love; and three times did Jesus bid him feed His lambs.

Who are the lambs of God? and what shall they be fed? Surely the children which God has given us are His lambs and they must be fed with the Bread of Life, which is the Gospel of Jesus Christ and which quickens the soul. I do not mean that they should be fed with bread to satisfy the natural hunger only; for, "what doth it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul."

The call, my brethren and sisters, is to us as Sunday School workers. To us this passage of scripture should come home most forcibly, because we have a great opportunity afforded us to feed His lambs that come to our care upon the Sabbath morning, in instilling into their minds the truths of the everlasting gospel, and we will be held accountable for them. Oh! what a blessed privilege is ours, of moulding and forming the foundations upon

which they build their religious structures. If we do our duty and feed them rightly very few will ever be found to wander into forbidden paths, but will walk in the straight and narrow way that leads to life eternal. They will then rise up and call us blessed. They come to us hungry for the truths of the gospel, yet we can scarcely realize now the great good we are doing them; but we are building for them, here a little; and moulding for them a thought there; line upon line and precept upon precept; thought upon thought; which, when taken together, means character and a love for the gospel of Christ.

Are we doing our part in obeying this exhortation to feed His lambs? If we are, all well and good. If we are not and are negligent, we do not love the Lord; for if we love the Lord we will keep His commandments and obey His exhortation to feed His lambs to the very best of our ability; and in doing this God will bless us. He will give us comfort, peace and friends, and an exaltation, not only in this world but also in the world to come; for then we shall have laid up our treasures in heaven and where our treasures are there are our hearts also.—J. C. Hogenson.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

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Simplicity in Religion.

It is very common and very proper to apply the fundamental principles of religion to the general conduct of life, and it is helpful to reason upon the application of religion to the great questions which now affect the welfare and progress of humanity. It is also helpful to the trained mind to grasp important discussions of science in their relation to religion. The trained mind, however, will find no difficulty in the simplest methods of worship which God has ordained for the guidance of His children.

It is to be feared, however, that in some places there is a growing disposition to involve our religious ideas and instructions in all sorts of speculations. In religious technicalities there is always a distinct danger—a danger in which men undertake to solve the relation which we bear to God through the medium of human reasoning. There are some who love to argue for argument's sake—as willing to argue on the side of error as of truth—and it is very easy for such people to fall into the spirit of contention. There are others who are prone to mysticism, and become easy victims of all sorts of sophistries. There are people who are always in search of hidden meaning they imagine they see in the Scriptures, and they waste their lives on trivial and unimportant matters.

There are facts enough in the history of God's dispensation to man to occupy thoughtful minds, and there are always peculiar conditions to be found in the history of religion that can be made applicable to our social needs and individual wants; and the great fundamental truths of Holy Writ are the simplest and most easily understood. If they have become difficult to human understanding, it is because religious speculators of the day have involved them in systems of philosophy that are not necessary to their appreciation or understanding.

Christians will agree that Christ was a model teacher. In all His teachings there is a directness and a simplicity that are both enjoyable and instructive. His parables illustrate the greatest truths in the simplest forms. If today He should pick up a book containing a discussion of the philosophy of the religion which He established, He would marvel at its complexity. He would find His

doctrine or religion involved in all sorts of vain speculations, and many pages containing expositions of His teachings would scarcely be intelligible to the Master Himself.

The Jews were the chosen people of God. Like us they were called to a special mission; but in the days of the Master they had departed from the simplicity of their calling and had become involved in all sorts of weird and strange speculations that blinded them to the simple truths of the Son of God. It is easy to understand why the same spirit that misled the Jews in His day may mislead the Saints in our day. He had to combat class distinctions. Men of His time that were learned in the law proved to be the greatest enemies of the truths which He sought to impart to the people.

Our methods in speculation and reasoning about the things of God may often be harmless; but if we depart from the simplicity of God's word into a spirit of rationalism, we become the victims of a vanity which endangers the true spirit of worship in the human heart. It is not easy for men to give up their vanities, to overcome their preconceived notions, and surrender themselves heart and soul to the will of God that is always higher than their own. The dangers of religious speculations are as great today as they were in the days of Christ, and if we would avoid their dangers we must adhere to the simplicity of our religious belief and practices. When men and women realize they are getting into deep water where their footing is insecure, they should retreat; for they may be sure that the course they have been taking will lead them more and more away from their bearings which are not always easy to regain. The religion of the heart, the unaffected and simple communion which we should hold with God is the highest safeguard of the Latter-day Saints. It is no discredit to our intelligence or to our integrity to say frankly in the face of a hundred speculative questions, "I do not know."

One thing is certain, and that is, God has revealed enough to our understanding for our exaltation and for our happiness. Let the Saints then utilize what they already have; be simple and unaffected in their religion, both in thought and word, and they will not easily lose their bearings and be subjected to the vain philosophies of man.

What we need in our religious faith and manner of life is more simplicity and less ostentation. Some people get their religion so mixed with foreign matters that it changes according to the passing moods and speculations to which they are subjected. Our reason has been given us for a wise purpose—to support the faith that comes through the revelations of God. The fallacy of all attempts to evolve a perfect religious system out of human reasoning is apparent to the Latter-day Saints, and should be to all men.

If the world has failed to make human reasoning a sound basis of religious faith, is it not reasonable to conclude that our understanding of religion may be greatly hampered and misdirected by an improper relation between faith and reason?

Paul, no doubt, had a reason for the faith within him. Before he received the revelation of God with the revelations of the Spirit, his reason was leading him astray. He learned what we must all learn, that so far as God's purposes go, and our relations to Him become clear to us, faith stands above and beyond human reason.

The trouble is, after all, not so much a question of reason as it is a question of argument which may become, if we do not guard ourselves, a temptation, a delusion and a snare.—JOSEPH F. SMITH.

SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK.

Superintendents' Department.

*General Superintendency, Joseph F. Smith, David O. McKay and
Stephen L. Richards.*

THE SIMPLICITY OF THE GOSPEL IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

By President Joseph F. Smith, at the Conference of the Deseret Sunday School Union, April 9, 1911.

The brethren have set me down for a few remarks on the subject of "The Simplicity of the Gospel in the Sunday Schools." I shall be entirely dependent upon the promptings of the Spirit for what I may say, briefly, in relation to this great subject.

In the first place, I may say that the minds of our children when they are of Sunday School age, are of that character that everything which is taught them should bear the impress of the greatest simplicity and of the greatest clearness. While children, many of them, are very pert and acute in catching ideas and in weighing thoughts, it is not possible that the children who are only of Sunday School age will be able to weigh abstruse questions or deep theological theories or ideas.

The Gospel of Jesus Christ is a gospel of simplicity. There is nothing contained in it, so far as teachings are concerned, that may not be comprehended by the average mind, and very largely understood, if plainly presented, by almost all of the children of Sunday School age.

It occurs to me, one of the greatest principles connected with the Gospel of Jesus Christ that should be taught to children in the Sunday Schools, is the fact that Jesus Christ was and is the Son of the Living God, and that while God, the "Father of our spirits," is the father of His Only Begotten Son in the flesh, his mother was a woman like unto those of whom we ourselves are born into the world and whom we call our mother, thus showing a link, a real absolute connection and kinship, existing between Jesus Christ, the Son of the Living God, and the children of men; that we are of the same family, and that, inasmuch as Christ was begotten of the Father, in His own image and likeness, and He Himself was in the image and likeness of man, or man is in His likeness and image, it follows of necessity that God, the Father of Jesus is also in the likeness of His Son. Now it seems to me that these are plain, simple principles, and yet they are foundation principles of the gospel. Without this faith, this gospel principle, we cannot comprehend the Gospel of Jesus Christ at all.

Thus we may go on and comprehend very many others, if not all of the other principles connected with His life, His purity, His sinlessness, His faith and simplicity, reliance upon His Father, the humility with which He prayed unto God, and the repeated saying of the Savior that He came not to do His own will but the will of Him who sent Him; and He inculcated this doctrine unto all to whom He taught. And another thing that occurs to my mind in connection with this: There are vagaries now in existence, among some who profess to be members of the Church, who entertain the thought, (because of something that is said in the Book of Mormon which is not comprehended

by some people, it appears) that Jesus Christ is His own father; in other words, that he is both God and Christ. Well, that is true; but at the same time He does not supersede, nor exist independently of His Father, who is indeed God. The simple fact is this: that Joseph Smith, the Prophet, has been instrumental in the hand of the Lord in revealing to the world, in this dispensation, that the Father and the Son are two separate and distinct personages; as much so as any man, any father and any son can be separate and distinct from each other. This is a fundamental truth; this is a simple truth. This is one of the fundamental principles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ; and this thought, this truth, should ever be inculcated in the Sunday Schools; and no teacher of Sunday Schools, or otherwise, in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, has any business to teach anything else on that subject. This is a foundation principle, and it cannot be otherwise; it cannot be done away, and *those who cannot or will not receive it will have no place in the Kingdom of God*. That is all there is to it, and that is simple, and you can teach the children that; and, for my part, I want all my children to be taught that principle so clearly and so emphatically, in the Sunday Schools, and in the home circle, that when they get old they will understand that *if they depart from it, they depart from the Gospel of Jesus Christ and from Christ Himself, and from the plan of salvation that the Lord God has revealed*.

It is a very simple principle to teach the children, and it is a part of the gospel, that when they are disobedient to their parents, tell an untruth, take something that does not belong to them, or commit any sort of crime, or act that is contrary to the law of God and the Ten Commandments, which are the very foundation principles of the Gospel that Jesus Christ renewed in His time the same as they were written by the finger of God on the tables of stone—when, I say, the child is guilty of anything of that kind, it should be taught that repentance of it is a principle of the gospel, and that forgiveness for that wrong can never be realized or given without repentance. That is a simple principle of the gospel, and it is one that should be taught in every Sunday School, and taught clearly, and instilled thoroughly into the minds of our children. Repentance is necessary for a forgiveness of sins, or remission. The next principle is to be buried in water, as Christ was buried in the Jordan river by John, that he might fulfill the law of righteousness. Jesus was without sin; but there was a law that the Lord instituted which Jesus Himself was required to fulfill and obey in order to “fulfill all righteousness,” in order to set the example, and in order to walk in the way that he expected his children to walk. And in likeness also is baptism to the burial of Christ in the tomb; for “as Christ was buried in the tomb and rose again the third day from death unto life,” so baptism is a similitude of the death or burial and of the resurrection of Jesus Christ; and it becomes necessary in order to obtain a full remission of sin, and in order to become a member of the Kingdom of God or of the Church of God. “Why is that necessary?” says the inquiring mind of the child; “why is it needful? Why shouldn’t we have some other way, or why shouldn’t some other method be instituted by which men could have their sins remitted, than baptism?” The simplest reason in the world: because God so demanded, God so made the law. God so gave the commandment to the children of men, and Christ the Son fulfilled that law of righteousness; and that should be sufficient for any inquiring mind, whether it be the mind of a child or the mind of mature man. Again, there is a principle that comes under the same head as Christ’s birth and mission, and death and resurrection. Except a man will receive it, except our children will receive it and accept it, and except their parents receive it, they

will have no lot or part in the Kingdom of God, because it is essential that we obey God's law and that we receive the principle in our minds and in our hearts as the Lord gives it to us. The word of the Lord is true, so there is no question about it, no chance to argue around it to find some other way, or anything of the kind. Jesus is the door, and whosoever attempts to climb up and get into the kingdom in any other way will be accounted a thief and a robber, and will be punished accordingly.

The principle of baptism for the remission of sins is a simple principle, and can be made so plain that any little child eight years old can be made to understand it. Next to that is the principle of confirmation and the gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands. Well now, a child says, "What is the Holy Ghost? what do you mean by it?" Well, we take the words of the Savior. He says it is the Comforter; it is the Spirit of Truth; it is He who testifies of the Father and of the Son, and bears record of the Father and of the Son; and that is conferred upon the child by the laying on of hands, that he might receive the gift of the Holy Ghost, that he might be entitled to the right and to the privilege of requiring, of asking for, seeking and of enjoying the presence and influence of that Spirit, in every hour or in every moment of need; for the gift is bestowed, and if the child or the man will live worthy of it, they are entitled to the Holy Spirit to be upon them, to guide them into all truth, and to warn them against all evil, that they might live pure lives and be indeed the children of God, having been born of the water and of the Spirit.

We might go on and name every principle of the gospel—virtue, honesty, humility, prayerfulness, truthfulness, and every other pure, good, ennobling principle of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, all of which are simple, all of which are plain and easily to be comprehended by the child. These should be taught in our Sunday Schools and in our Church schools everywhere, and by every man or woman that is called to be a teacher of the Gospel among the children of the Saints.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AS A MISSIONARY FORCE.

*Topic by Elder Heber J. Grant, at the Deseret Sunday School Union,
Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, April 9, 1911.*

I believe that the Sunday School is one of the very greatest of all the missionary forces among the Latter-day Saints for the good of the children who attend it. When I look back to my early association with the Sunday School of the Thirteenth Ward, I feel I owe a debt of gratitude to Elders A. Milton Musser, George Goddard, William Naylor, John B. Maiben, Hamilton G. Park, F. A. Mitchell, as the men who had charge of the Sunday School which I attended in my youth. The teachings that I received in that school were in the nature of missionary teachings. They were calculated to inspire me with the spirit and the love of the Gospel, and, to my mind, that kind of labor is genuine missionary labor. We go out into the world to proclaim the Gospel, in the hope of converting people to its truths and many who are converted and gather home to Zion lose the faith of the gospel for the reason that missionary labor is not performed among them frequently. But the main reason people lose the faith is because the missionary labor originally performed did not make a perfect conversion of the individual. They were not so thoroughly converted as to make them faithful and diligent in serving God. I know not of the experience of others, but I can truthfully say that the absolute devotion to the work of God by Elders George Goddard, John B. Maiben, Hamilton G. Park and others with whom I was associated, made such a pro-

found impression upon my mind, and their diligent labor so thoroughly inspired me, because of the missionary work that they did for this school, that I had a desire to emulate their example. We cannot give to others that which we do not possess, and unless a superintendent and his assistants and the teachers really love the work, and make it a missionary labor of love, they cannot inspire others with a love for that work. Than Elder George Goddard and the others with whom I had the privilege of being associated I know of no men among my acquaintances in the Church that were more devoted, that loved the work of the Lord more, that put their hearts into the labor more, and that left a more profound impression upon the hearts of those with whom they were associated. It is a source of great pleasure to me to remember that some of the men today prominently connected with the Church, members of the quorums of the Priesthood and among the general authorities of the Church, were students in the Sunday School that I attended in my youth. Now this school certainly must have been a missionary force for good, otherwise the impression made upon these students would not have been so lasting that their lives have been devoted to the cause of truth from that time to the present. Boys are not easily managed; I know I was not. I remember leaving the Thirteenth Ward Sunday School as a boy, in anger and saying that the school could go "plumb to h—." Brother George Goddard came to my house, time after time, or to my mother's house, more properly speaking, and labored with me, got me back in the Sunday School, and probably prevented me from going where I said the school could go. There is naturally a very warm place in my heart for Brother George Goddard. I feel a wonderful debt of gratitude to him for the missionary labor that he performed in connection with me as an individual.

I am delighted with the wonderful growth that there is in our schools; and I believe that that same love of the gospel which was in the hearts of the teachers who taught me and others in our Sunday School is in the hearts of the teachers today. I am convinced that there are no more loyal workers in any of the organizations that have been established in the Church than are to be found in the Sunday School. Men with the spirit of the gospel, and women also, are able to impart that spirit to those under their tutelage in our Sabbath Schools. I remember distinctly that the testimonies borne to me and to Richard W. Young and to others in the class with me (the class of Brother Hamilton G. Park) made a profound impression upon our minds. His experience as a missionary, the blessings of the Lord upon him while proclaiming the gospel, related by him to us from time to time, inspired me, I know, with a desire to go forth some day and preach this Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, that I too might experience the same blessings of the Spirit of God experienced by him.

Now, I believe that every man and every woman who have had such experience and been blessed by a testimony regarding the divinity of this work, can do a wonderful missionary labor by working, whenever opportunity presents, in our Sunday Schools, by bearing their testimonies, in addition to teaching the lessons that are taught there, and occasionally giving personal experiences. I remember many, many personal experiences of marvelous blessings of the Lord, that I heard testified to in the schools, by the teachers. I do not remember very much of the lessons that were learned from the Book of Mormon and the Bible and other works; but I do remember the Spirit of God, the missionary spirit that Brother Goddard, Brother Maiben, Brother Park and other people had; and that God may inspire all of our teachers with that same spirit and the love of the work, and a desire to communicate the testimonies that they have of the divinity of the work of God to their pupils, is my prayer, and I ask it in the name of Jesus. Amen.

SUGGESTIONS FOR CONCERT RECITATION, JUNE, 1911,

(Superintendents may select one or more of the following:)

Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.—St. Matthew iv: 4.

I am the bread of life; he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst.—St. John vi: 35.

I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.—St. John xi: 25-26.

And when ye stand praying, forgive, if ye have ought against any: that your Father also which is in heaven may forgive you your trespasses. But if ye do not forgive, neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses.—St. Mark xi: 25-26.

No man, having put his hand to the plow, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.—St. Luke ix: 62.

Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit.—St. John iii: 5-8.

SACRAMENT GEM FOR JUNE.

Hush! Be every sound subdued,
That may not softly harmonize
With Faith and Trust and Gratitude
For Christ's atoning sacrifice.

Prayer will make us leave off sinning, or sinning
will make us leave off praying.

Parents' Department.

Henry H. Rolapp, Chairman; Howard R. Driggs, Nathan T. Porter.

A Further Word of Explanation.

We presented in the last issue of the JUVENILE a large part of a lecture by Dr. Tyler on *Child Growth* during the earlier years. In this issue we give the first part of another lecture by Dr. Tyler on growth during the "teens." In the next issue it is our purpose to give the second part of this lecture. This will close the series on this subject. After that, another line of thought of live interest to parents will be developed.

Regarding these lectures by Dr. Tyler, it is well perhaps to say that we feel that they open up a field of thought most vital for parents to consider. We are fortunate to secure from so eminent an authority in this field of child study these carefully prepared lectures. They will yield much to every parent that studies them carefully.

It seems to us most fitting that our parents' classes pause a while to study the child himself—to try to understand his nature—his development—the meaning of the vital changes that occur during his growth from babyhood to manhood; because the better we do understand these things the better we can preserve and cultivate the bodies and souls of our children.

It is a marvelous study—this that deals with the human plant. Very little progress comparatively has been made in this great field of research; we have learned vastly more of the stars, the plants, the animals, the rocks and other forms of nature than we have of the child himself. Let us turn our attention now to the child and try to understand him. We shall be better fathers and mothers by so doing.

CHILD GROWTH. II.

The Wayward Age.

The boy and the girl, during their early teens, attain their full height and practically their full weight, although the

boy has a little to gain still; they are pretty well grown by this time. If I had to choose between two questions, the first might be: "Have you a good appetite?" but the second question I would ask is, "What is your lung capacity?" The lungs have increased very rapidly at 14 to 16 in the boy; in the girl the increase has been smaller and quite irregular. It ought to be more regular than it is, I am convinced. The heart has gained greatly in capacity. The arteries have expanded much less than the heart, and the result is that there is a much higher blood pressure than there has been at any time before. The brain has attained practically full size and weight. The addition now will be mainly in the very highest areas, where the addition of fibres might make all the difference between the possibility of genius and the possibility of mediocrity. The sensory and the nervous areas are fully matured. The higher mental area and the higher mental power are now coming on to stay.

The boy you will notice at this stage begins to argue a great deal more than he ever did before. He wants to argue nearly every question. He likes the debating society, and his idea of heaven, it seems to me, and the home and elsewhere, is where debating is indulged in. A good amount of exercise for those psychological and mental powers will do him no harm. The death rate is low, but the morbidity is increasing at this time in the boy at least. Vigorous physical exercise is now needed. Ordinary play is not enough. Gymnastics for the development and training of the hand, the wrist, and of the highest powers, hand training in quickness and precision of movement are all excellent exercise and should be developed mainly, all the finer muscles and all the higher muscles, and all the higher power; and probably less weight should be put upon these heavy fundamental muscles which are all important in childhood.

Athletics are exceedingly useful. They should be, however, for all and not merely for a few who join the teams, who need them the very least of all. I think our modern college athletics will some day be looked upon as one of the most ridiculous habits of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Athletics should not be too severe, however, yet. The boy ought not to have long races and long halves of foot ball, especially if the heart is still weak. The tissues of

the body have not yet gained the toughness that they will gain at a later time. Every commander in the field dreads to have boys of 18, 19 or 20 sent to him, because, as Napoleon said of his young recruits, "they die off like flies." The hard bed, with light covering, the cold room, the cold bath will now aid in toughening the boy, provided he is healthy, but under no circumstances begin that until the pubertal period is fully by.

In the last years, the danger of over-pressure in the high school, especially after the first year, is to my mind not very great. The boy and the girl now both stand a good deal of work, but the greatest danger for the boy and the girl in the high school is that they shall take too much social enjoyment. A late evening theatre party, followed by a supper, a late dance, will take more strength out of a boy and girl than three days of study. There is nothing that is so wearing; if, then, you can keep down the social over-pressure, I don't believe the over-pressure from study will do any great harm in high schools.

The larger bodies, the large heart and lungs, well oxygenated blood, the fresh vitality of every artery and tissue, gives a buoyancy, a strength and a courage, a source of power and sense of it, too, a longing for complete freedom, a revolt against all control.

A new, wide world, just as fresh as on the morning of creation, a new fire, a life of boundless opportunity which is endless in scope and time, are opening out before the boy and the girl. They see the parents and the teachers drag around, understanding, as they think, neither them nor life itself; and they are right to a certain extent. There is no doubt about that, that we do not hold on to the vision of glory of this world and of this life which we had in youth as we ought to and as it is our duty to do, and the boy and the girl criticise us fairly, that we don't appreciate this magnificent world in which we live.

Then there is another reason: the young adult, the young parent and the teacher have generally, to my mind, about the poorest opinion of the world. They provide the critics, the reformers, the pessimists. They are all recruited from that age. When a man gets to be my age, while I suppose he probably has more humility, he comes to know and he comes to have a very cheerful, optimistic view of the world. He has made up his mind that the Lord does not intend to change the world a great deal anyhow, and on the whole he is very

much content to leave it the way it is. That is not so with young people at all. The boy and the girl must learn and know all about it. That is one thing they are bound to do at the outset. The boy girds up his loins and he goes whither he will. He must taste of every experience for himself. He will meet joy and sorrow with the same frolicking, welcoming spirit. He has never been saddened by experience or disillusioned by disappointment and failure. He will try all the knowledge of good and evil if it costs him Paradise. Nature is loosening every leading string now and is getting him free to complete his own individual development and to forge his own character.

We cannot stop him if we would. It is very lucky that we cannot. It is better that we should not stop him even if we could! Nevertheless he has very little self-knowledge and still less self-control. Impulses well up from changes going on within him or from stimuli which come to him from without. He does not understand them. He does not know where they come from. He does not know what they mean. He is ill prepared to face them, and now he goes one way and now the other. He has just about as clear a conception of the value of time as a child has. He has not outgrown childhood in that respect. He cannot possibly play a waiting game. That is the last thing that he can do. If the sun shines today it is always going to be bright weather. If the maiden of his adoration frowns today, the sun will never shine again. He is either on the delectable mountain or in the valley of humiliation, and he is far more frequently in the latter than we think. He is rarely between the two, and he is not going to tell us when he is in the valley of humiliation, nor when he is on the top of the delectable mountain. There is a reticence about him at this time which we should learn to respect and to reverence. I told you at the first meeting that nature puts that shell of reticence around the boy and the girl at that time so we will keep our blundering fingers out and leave them to solve their problems with their help and that of the Lord who is watching over them.

Authority has little hold over him at this time; traditions none at all. The influences of early home training which have rooted themselves in his very life are very powerful and they will hold him, and the Lord have mercy on the boy whose early traditions do not hold him at that time. And remember it is not his fault; that is a sad thought to us parents.

There is one of the great opportunities which you teachers have to make good: these defects of the early training and the early environment given by his parents.

He is led by class and group feeling at this time. You take the boy at eight or ten and he is an admirable little fellow in many respects. He wants to play fair, and if the other fellow does not play fair he will smite him just as Samson smote the Philistines, if he can, and that is the occasion of much friction. After a time there is danger that he will not play as fair as he did when he was younger, for a time, at least, because he is swallowed up in the team, or the society, or the group, or the gang, whatever it may be, to which he belongs, and he will give himself, body and soul, to help that team to win. This has its bad side, a very bad side, I grant you that. If you are going to understand the boy, every now and then you have got to study the psychology of the mob, but it has a very good side also, because he is generous to a fault. Now is the time in his life when he will go down with the team, and in order for the team to win he will make a play when you and I would hesitate to make it, and we had better respect the boy. He is loyal to his leader and to his friends. It is the epoch of the heart out of which, remember, are the issues of life. He has a great deal more heart than he has knowledge at this time, and I confess I rather like him for it.

You remember what Paul says to those knowledge-worshipping Corinthians as to knowledge: "It will vanish away; for we know in part." Those of us who have lived more than half a century have seen nine-tenths of our knowledge vanish away in just that fashion because we know in part. But, says Paul, there are some things that abide; and one of them is faith. That is never done away with; and another is hope, and the third and sure abiding thing is love, which is three-fourths in the heart, and out of the heart are the issues of life; the heart is often wiser than the head. Don't under-value and never despise the value of the greatness of heart in the boy, for, as I said to you the other evening: "Great Heart is the only champion who ever killed Giant Despair." The boy at this age is seeking for a king. He is very likely to be like old St. Christopher, he will serve the strongest if he can find him. Tides of religious feeling are sweeping in on him now; but we will come to that a little later, and if you want to win him then you must hold up before him no mediæval example, but the great, magnificent, athletic life of that Divine Master who has been so often misrepresented to us.

He is a very lovable being, that boy is, at times. Oh, you are reverencing him today; well, then, you may bear in mind that probably about the same time tomorrow morning you will be gripping for the scruff of his neck, and when you grip him, grip him hard; it is no time for half-way measures. Never hit a boy of that age with a switch. If you do you are lost. Either don't hit at all or hit hard. A great deal of the child still remains in him, his instability, for instance. He might well say of himself, "My name is Legion." In the remainder of his young life everything that is trifling and worthless all comes to the surface, just as it does in the fermenting liquor, the strong and sweet are all hidden below the froth. You can't see it. You can very easily do him injustice. You must sympathize with him. Remember your own foolish youth when you were his age; remember your own blunders and then you will have great patience with him and great admiration for him, because these blunders aren't a great deal worse than they are. If you can't do this, then leave him to nature, for you can't help him.

GENERAL SUBJECT: CHILD GROWTH.

LESSON V. ATHLETIC NEEDS OF BOYS AND GIRLS.

1. What steps have ever been taken in your community to provide for proper athletic sports for the young? What success came of these efforts?
2. Give two reasons why wholesome physical recreation is necessary for growing children.
3. What games and sports do you consider best for boys? for girls? why?
4. What dangers come from uncontrolled athletics?
5. What can be done (1) by the parents (2) by communities,—
 - (a) To provide for wholesome games and sports?
 - (b) To provide proper leadership and supervision of these things?
 - (c) To regulate the excesses and check evils of the athletic spirit?
 - (d) To provide proper places in which to play?

LESSON VI. SOCIAL NEEDS.

1. During what years does the desire to be with "the crowd" manifest itself most strongly in boys and girls?

2. What difficulties come to the parents in the management of boys and girls during this time?

3. In what ways can parents best exercise control over the companionships of their children during this vital period?

4. In what ways can the social needs of boys and girls be provided for in the home?

5. How far can and should parents go in participating in the pastimes of their children? What can be done to keep up the spirit of companionship between parents and children?

6. What can communities do to put down the "street corner" habits and the "hoodlumism" that comes of the boy gangs.

7. What pastimes and practices can be fostered to bring about a higher minded companionship among young people.

LESSON VII. KEEPING OUR BOYS AND GIRLS AT HOME.

1. What are the first indications that our home is losing its hold upon our boy? Our girl?

2. What influences are at work in each instance?

3. Is it because conditions outside the home offer more, or is the home offering less of that which the boy or girl desires?

4. When you find your boy going to the pool room do you throw his deck of cards into the fire and advise him as to what will happen if he attempts to use such things in or about the house?

5. When your girl shows a preference for taking her leisure at Smith's or Brown's rather than at home, do you at once adopt a code of rules and proceed to make emphatic statements as to your intention to enforce those rules and also to impose certain penalties?

6. Did it ever occur to you that "desire" may be diverted, but that it cannot be destroyed?

7. Is it not best to divert by substitution rather than by prohibition?

Also to substitute in kind as near as may be?

8. What are you doing in your home to satisfy the desire which takes your boy or girl to the neighbors or the public places?

9. What share are you taking in the interests of the growing boy or girl?

10. Parents, are you companionable? Do you get into the boy or girl's field of discussion? Do you talk *with them* rather than *to them*? Do you get into their games; their troubles; their pleasures; their life?

LESSON VIII. THE WAYWARD BOY.

1. What certain acts or omissions will entitle a boy to be classified as "wayward?"

2. The first sign of waywardness is the breaking of what commandment, if any?

3. Under any condition would you let your boy know that you considered him wayward?

4. Should your regard for, as shown by your treatment of the wayward boy, differ in the slightest degree from your regard for and your treatment of the circumspect, dutiful, and obliging boy.

5. Does the worst tendency of the boy call for any more from us than mere direction?

6. Is not the boy's worst offense a bad form of satisfying a good desire?

7. What is your method of dealing with your boy? Is it "Never do that" or "Better to do this?"

8. Do you ever undertake to show the boy how much more of the thing he is after he can get out of a method that is all around helpful than one that is all around harmful?

9. How would it do to substitute jointly planned "Do's" for unqualified "Don't's?"

10. In almost every instance can you not justly ascribe the boy's waywardness to an unnatural companionship on our part or to no companionship at all?

Theological Department.

Geo. H. Wallace, Chairman; James E. Talmage, John M. Mills, Milton Bennion.

Jesus the Christ.

The three lessons for June deal with the early miracles and parables of Christ. On each of these subjects volumes have been written. The topic of miracles in general was briefly referred to in Lesson 8. The teacher should make plain to the class that while miracles are usually regarded as supernatural occurrences, taking place in opposition to the laws of nature, such a conception is wrong, inasmuch as the laws of nature are inviolable. (See "Articles of Faith," 12:7). What may appear to be a miracle in the time of one's ignorance may be easily explained in the light of greater knowledge. "To count the ticking of a watch a hundred miles away; to speak in an ordinary tone and be heard across the country; to signal from one hemisphere and be understood on the other though oceans roll and roar between; to bring the lightning into our homes and make it serve as fire and torch—are not these miracles? The possibility of such would not have been received with credence before their actual accomplishment. The President of the Republic, sitting in his chair of state at the Nation's capital, talks with all parts, even with the ends of this great country; and if batteries and wire be in order, if operators and officials be true, he is rightly informed of every movement of importance anywhere in the land. The orbs of the universe are as truly connected by a system of intercommunication, surprisingly perfect in its action and adaptation. These and other innumerable miracles of creation are accomplished in strict accordance with the laws of nature, which are the laws of God" ("Articles of Faith.")

The Church of Christ has always been characterized by miraculous powers. The exercise of such powers may be regarded as essential features

of the Church. Nevertheless, the evidence of miracles is not of itself proof of divine power or authority. "On the other hand the scriptures furnish abundant proof that spiritual powers of the baser sort have wrought miracles, and will continue so to do, to the deceiving of many who lack discernment." The Revelator saw in vision, miracles wrought by evil powers (see "Articles of Faith," 12:25, 26, 27, and references given therein).

Lesson 16. "Loaves and Fishes."

We have here to deal with the miraculous feeding of the five thousand. The event occurred near the time of the annual Passover feast. The apostles had just returned from their first missionary tour. Our Lord sought to retire with the chosen Twelve, and consequently they went "by ship privately." The people hastened afoot along the shore and awaited the landing in the vicinity of Bethsaida (Luke 9:10).

An important fact is that there was pressing need of such divine interposition as was shown in the miracle. Jesus had compassion for the people and gave them instruction and healed their sick. The people tarried late in the day and Jesus knew that they were hungry. To feed such a multitude appeared an impossible undertaking to the apostles. Note the lack of faith on the part of Philip and Andrew: "There is a lad here which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes; but what are they among so many?" (John 6:9). A banquet was served in the wilderness; food was distributed, plenty for all. Note our Lord's admonition against waste: "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost" (See references in outline).

Observe the effect of the miracle upon the people. They became en-

thusiastic and desired to make Jesus their king; indeed they intended to take Him by force and compel Him to be their king. He departed from them and went to a mountain to pray. Under His direction the apostles departed by boat, leaving Him behind. The night that followed was tempestuous. While the boat was in the midst of the storm-tossed waters Jesus appeared, walking on the water. The apostles were frightened; but were reassured by our Lord's words: "It is I, be not afraid." Peter, ever impetuous, desired to go to Jesus upon the water, but when he made the attempt his faith failed and he began to sink. Study carefully the significance of our Lord's rebuke: "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" The insistent multitude, who would have made Jesus a king, hurried by land to intercept Him on the other side of the lake. Christ saw that their interest was a selfish one and rebuked them: "Ye seek me, not because ye saw the miracle, but because ye did eat the loaves and were filled" (John 6:26).

Compare with this miracle a similar one, that of the feeding of the four thousand (Matt. 15:32; Mark 8:1).

Lesson 17. The Sower and the Seed.

In this lesson we have to deal with one of the most interesting, most important, and most instructive, of the parables of Christ. Study well the nature of a parable. It is in one sense a story; the word "parable" means a similitude or comparison. A parable may be defined as a story or occurrence, natural and real, with a deep inner meaning or moral attached. Jesus often taught by parables. This method of instruction seems to have been in use from early times. Thus, Nathan reproved King David by telling him the parable of the poor man's ewe lamb (II. Sam. 12:1-4). When asked by His disciples why He taught in parables Jesus said: "Because they seeing see not and hearing hear not,

neither do they understand." By this we see that only those who are earnest and prayerful can understand the things of God. Not all who hear them know their meaning. Jesus used stories to illustrate His meaning, so simple that all who would could understand. Yet many who heard perceived nothing in the parable but an ordinary story (see D. S. S. U. Leaflet No. 19).

On the occasion spoken of in the parable of the sower, Jesus was on the shore of the Sea of Galilee and many people came to hear Him. In order to speak to them more easily and to be heard more readily, He entered a boat and sat in this floating pulpit while addressing the people on the shore. He spoke the parable to the people and later explained to the apostles its inner meaning. Some of the seed scattered by the sower fell by the wayside, and the birds came and ate it up; this, as our Lord explained, was like a man hearing the word of God but failing to understand it. Some seed fell on stony ground where there was so little soil that the roots could not grow, and the sun's heat scorched and killed the plants; this, as Jesus explained, was similar to a man receiving the word of God gladly but neglecting the same when troubles came upon him. Some seed fell among thorns and thistles which grew up and choked the good plants; so may people receive the word of God and believe it; but the cares of life and the desire to get riches soon cause them to forget their duties.

It is pleasing to note, however, that some seed fell on good ground and grew and increased many fold; this, the Savior said, was like a man receiving the word of God and doing the things required of him.

Note the principal element of this lesson,—that the field must be prepared before the seed that is sown can grow to the best advantage. The seed is widely and impartially scattered; the harvest in every case is the natural and inevitable one. Good seed

will grow when sown in soil properly prepared.

Compare with this parable a similar one, that of the wheat and the tares. The latter parable makes plain the fact that both good and evil seed will grow in fertile soil. Study well the parable and its lesson (Matt. 13:24-43); and read the explanation given in our modern scriptures (Doc. & Cov. Section 86).

Lesson 18. "A Cluster of Gems."

The introductory explanation of parables given in the last lesson is supposed to have prepared the pupils for the study of parables in general. In this lesson we deal with a number of parables.

The parable of the mustard seed demonstrates the vitality and progressiveness of the Kingdom of God. The mustard plant common to our children is dwarfed,—very different from the mustard plant of warm climates, comparing with such in fact as an indoors palm plant growing in a pot compares with the stately palm trees of the tropics. Observe that the mustard seed is a small seed, and that the plant to which it may give rise, is one of the largest of the plants of its class. The full-grown mustard under thrifty conditions is a plant of very considerable size. (Note other references to the mustard seed; Mark 4:30-32; Luke 13:18, 19). "As small as a mustard seed" was a common comparison in the literature of that day.

The parable of the mustard seed presents the kingdom as a living thing. Contrast the insignificant seed with the stupendous result of its growth. Such an increase of substance alone is sufficiently astounding; and still more so is the fact of the seed developing into a plant which in turn produces other seeds, thus perpetuating the species. From a single seed a forest may be produced.

Closely associated with the foregoing is the parable of the leaven. This makes plain the contagion of good.

Much is heard in the present day of the contagion of evil and disease. It is well to make plain that good influences and good deeds are likewise contagious. The Kingdom of God develops through its permeating influence for good. Its work is quiet but sure. Its progress is not marked by battles, nor by the blare of trumpets and the conquest of arms, but by the silent and virile power of life development. At the time of the earthly ministry of Jesus the Jews were looking, as for many long centuries they had been looking, for a Prince of the House of David, who would come in worldly splendor, who would crush the enemies of the race, and who would re-establish the throne of Israel. All the teachings of Jesus make plain the fact that His kingdom was to grow and develop in the silent yet effective way characteristic of life, and not by means of human passion and tyranny.

The story or parable of the hidden treasure, and that of the pearl of great price, emphasize the same vital facts. These two demonstrate the high and intrinsic value of the "kingdom," and the recognition of such by the ready and watchful. Both prescribe the price that man must pay for the treasure—all that he has. The two parables differ in this particular, however: in one case the treasure was found incidentally, in the other as a reward of diligent search and earnest effort. The earnest worker in the kingdom of God is required to give himself and all that he has if he would be accepted in the service and become worthy of exaltation.—J. E. T.

Church History.

The lessons for June concern the expulsion of the Saints from Missouri and their settlement in Illinois. Two lessons are given to the former subject and one to the latter. With respect to the expulsion, pains should be taken not to smother the main thought by details—which will most likely be done unless the teacher be on his guard.

Lesson 16 might be dealt with in this way: The fact is that they were driven out of Missouri. By whom? Care should be exercised in making clear that the trouble was started by mobs and completed by the militia inspired mainly by animosity towards the Saints. A single instance might show this—the affair at Gallatin. Under what circumstances? Certain typical instances should be chosen to show this, such as the treatment accorded Mrs. Don Carlos Smith, the Hann's Mill massacre, and the huddling up of the Saints at Far West. Why were they expelled? Attention should be called here to the differences between the Missourians and the Saints, social, political, and religious. The mat-

ter of the retribution in connection with the Missouri affair need not occupy any attention in the class, but the matter should be read in the text-book.

Lesson 17 is mainly Joseph the Prophet. He is the central figure here. The class should be induced to read Pratt's *Autobiography* on this topic. Vol. III. of the History of the Church (referred to in the lesson) contains a good many interesting instances connected with the Prophet's imprisonment, which might be assigned beforehand to various young people who generally do not take part in the class.

Lesson 18 is not long and may be followed as given in the text-book.

Second Intermediate Department.

Henry Peterson, Chairman; James W. Ure, Horace H. Cummings, Harold G. Reynolds.

Book of Mormon Lessons for May.

[Prepared by J. Leo Fairbanks.]

Lesson 13 is the same subject as lesson 12. They should be combined to form one lesson. Although they thus become the last lesson for April we feel that the first lesson for May is so dependent on it that we go somewhat into details.

Lessons 12 and 13 become lesson 12.

1. Title, The Nephites in the Land of Nephi and the migration to Zarahemla.
2. Text, Omni, Story of the Book of the Book of Mormon, ch. 9, (omit Helaman).
3. General assignment, Omni 12-30. (Not more).
4. Special assignment, Omni 1-11. (Short record of kings).
5. Memory gem.
6. Time, 324 B. C. to 200 B. C.
7. Place, Lands of Nephi and Zarahemla. (Use map.)
8. Picture Study. (Save cuttings of pictures that illustrate these stories and remains of the people. Get R. R. guides.)

Lesson Proper:—

9. Wars with the Lamanites.
 - (1) Names of kings, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.
 - (2) Reasons.
 - a. As a scourge, see Jarom 10, Omni 6.
 - b. To fulfill a promise, Alma 9:13-14.
10. Short Records of the Five Kings.
 - (1) Reasons. (See Omni 11, 12; 1 Nephi 6:1-6; 1 Nephi 9:2-5, 19:1-6.)
11. Zarahemla Discovered.
 - (1) Who were original inhabitants?
 - a. Came to America eleven years after Lehi.
 - (2) Condition of people.
 - a. Language.
 - b. Faith.
12. Mosiah is made King of Zarahemla.
 - (1) His efforts and labors.
 - a. Teaching.
 - b. Translating
 - (2) Governing.

13. Benjamin's Reign.
14. People try to Retake the Land of Neph.
15. Aim:—To guide God's people spiritually, even His recognized servants must seek His inspiration.
16. Illustration:—Kings David and Saul; modern leaders.
17. Assign the aim of this lesson as the subject for testimony on fast day.

Testimony. (May 7.)

1. Lead pupils to converse on the subject assigned last week. They have had time to think of it and ask other people about it. Relate stories yourself and try to draw from the pupils voluntary expressions of similar experiences. If you are successful you may be well assured that the pupils have made application of the aim of your lesson. Avoid the testimony that is not an expression of individual conviction. Testimonies should be conversational rather than formal.

2. Assign the lesson for May 14. Be sure you are thoroughly prepared yourself before making an assignment. Reduce it to its simplest terms. Get the pupils enthused with a desire to find out more about the subject.

Lesson 13. In the outline this is numbered 14. (You remember two lessons were combined to form lesson 12. In order to agree with the outline, lesson 18 will be divided later to form lessons 17 and 18.)

1. Text (see outline).
2. General Assignment, Mosiah 1.
3. Special Assignment, Mosiah 2 and chapter 10. Story of the Book of Mormon.
4. Memory Gem.
5. Time, 125 B. C.
6. Place—
7. Picture Study. (See lesson 12.)
8. Make an outline of the subject matter to suit your own preparation. (See outline.)
9. Aim:—How do you like the 18 and 19 verses of Mosiah 2 for an aim?

10. Illustration:—Have an illustration of your own simply to enforce the illustrations of the pupils or to suggest similar circumstances. If you have made your aim clear the pupils should be ready with illustrations.
11. Preview of succeeding lesson. It would be better to assign the lesson for the following Sunday at the beginning of the lesson, else one is apt to be pressed for time and slight the assignment.

Lesson 14. (Numbered 15 in the outline.)

1. Text (as outlined excepting that we recommend chapter 6:1-3.
2. General assignment, Mosiah 5.
3. Special assignment, Mosiah 3:19. Our dependence, Mosiah 4:16-23. Select other parts.
4. Memory gem, Mosiah 4:9.
5. Time, 125 B. C.
6. Place, Zarahemla.
7. Picture study. (Encourage pupils to search for pictures.)
8. King Benjamin relates his vision of Christ's mission.
 - (1) Miracles foreseen.
 - (2) Suffers for sins of world.
 - (3) Crucifixion.
 - (4) Atonement (meaning).
 - (5) Little children guiltless.
 - (6) Punishment of wilfully disobedient.
9. Benjamin's teachings.
 - (1) Greatness of God. Lit-tleness of man.
 - (2) True Christian virtues, Mosiah 4:14.
 - a. Administering to those in need spiritually and temporarily.
 - b. Borrowing.
 - (3) Our dependence on God and each other.
 - (4) Injunction, Mosiah 4:30.
10. Covenant of the people.
 - (1) A change of spirit works a change of deeds.
 - (2) Covenant to do his will. (This is equivalent to our sacrament.

- (3) New name given them.
(Children of Christ.)
- (4) Children of Christ numbered.
- 11. Aim:—True Christians must be steadfast and immovable, always abounding in good works. See Mosiah 5:15.
- 12. Illustrations should be drawn from pupils. Teacher should be prepared with one.
- 13. Assign lesson 15.

Lesson 15. (Numbered 16 in the outline.)

- 1. Text, Mosiah 6. Read also from the Story of the Book of Mormon, chaps. 55, 62, and 54.
- 2. General assignment, Mosiah 6. Appeal to children's knowledge of geography concerning the crops and climate of northern part of South America.
- 3. Special assignment, Primitive farming in Palestine. Pictures to illustrate the subject matter.
- 4. Time, B. C. 124, or 476 years after leaving Jerusalem.
- 5. Picture study can be effectively used in this lesson.
- 6. This lesson affords a splendid opportunity to become acquainted with the Nephite tillers of the soil. (Connect with the thought of Benjamin's and Mosiah's devotion to this industry.) We refer to the Story of the Book of Mormon because of the information it contains concerning the industries, physical appearance of the people, etc. We should know something of their occupations, tools, modes of dress, personal appearance, and architecture, etc. Children should have strong mental images of these peoples, the Nephites fully civilized in their day and in contrast the shaven heads and naked limbs of their brethren the Lamanites. The pupils' imaginations should be vivid and able to fancy the homes of the peoples, how they move about their streets, in the fields, or

defending themselves or gossiping.

- 7. Make your own outline to suit your own aim.

Bible Lessons for May.

[Prepared by C. Ray Bradford.]

Lesson 13. Joseph Sold into Egypt.

- 1. Text—Gen. 37, 39, 40, 41:14-16.
- 2. General Assignment—Gen. 37:1-22. Handle chapter 39 carefully.
- 3. Special Assignment—Remainder of text and geography and physical conditions of Egypt.
- 4. Time—1729 B. C.
- 5. Place—Shechem and Egypt.
- 6. Picture—Joseph Lowered into the Pit—by James Northcote.
- 7. Joseph's Dream.
 - a. Sheaves.
 - b. Stars.
- 8. Sent to Shechem to inquire of the flocks.
 - a. Events.
 - b. Plot against him.
- 9. Sold to Ishmaelites.
 - a. Price.
 - b. Secret bargain.
- 10. Life in Egypt.
 - a. Sold to Potiphar. Captain of Potiphar's guard.
 - b. Strength to resist temptation.
 - c. Prospers.
- 11. Life in Prison.
 - a. His faithfulness and service.
 - b. Interprets dreams of butler and baker.
 - c. Remains forgotten. He is cheerful.
- 12. Brought before Pharaoh.
- 13. Aim—Ingratitude and apparent calamities do not spoil the faithfulness and cheerfulness of a true spirit.
- 14. Illustration—Attitude of Congress toward George Washington during the Revolution.

In the Sunday School Outlines but one lesson is devoted to the story of Joseph. This story from both a literary and spiritual standpoint is one

of the world's greatest masterpieces and should be given more consideration. Consequently, three lessons are made from one, leaving the Mosaic period to a later date. Eventually nothing of moment to the children will be lost by this revision, as some of the following lessons are so complicated that they may with profit be eliminated.

It will be noticed that a picture is recommended for each lesson. This particular one may not be obtainable by all, but it is suggested that wherever possible the teacher place before the children pictures by the masters illustrating the work in hand.

It is also suggested that one or more select memory gems be learned by the pupils each month. As a rule there are a large variety of suitable ones in each lesson.

In conducting the preview it is advisable to give the pupils a short drill on difficult words which they will meet in their preparation.

Lesson 14. Joseph in Pharaoh's Service.

1. Text—Gen. 41, 42, 43, 44, 45:1.
2. General Assignment—42:1-20.
3. Individual Assignment—Remainder of text.
4. Memory gem.
5. Time, 1715.
6. Place—Egypt.
7. Picture—Joseph in Egypt Cast into Prison—By Jacopo Carucci.
8. Pharaoh's Dreams.
 - a. Seven kine.
 - b. Seven ears.
 - c. Joseph remembered by the baker.
 - d. Interpretation and warning.
 - e. Joseph elevated by Pharaoh.
9. Famine.
 - a. Sore—in Palestine.
 - b. Israel sends to Egypt to buy corn.
 - (1) Events of visit of Joseph's brethren.

- c. Return to Palestine to get Benjamin.
- d. Judah.
- e. Benjamin visits Egypt.
10. Joseph's policy to stay his brethren.
 - a. The divining bowl.
 - b. Judah offers himself as bondsman in place of Benjamin. Emphasize this (Gen. 44:16-34).
11. Aim—The best means of securing an employer's goodwill and of rising in his service is by serving him honestly and industriously.
12. Illustration.

Lesson 15. Prosperity of the People of Israel in Goshen.

Jacob's death and princely burial.

1. Text—45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50. Emphasize 48 and 50.
2. General Assignment—47:1-20.
3. Special Assignment—Remainder of the text.
4. Time—1706.
5. Place—Egypt and Canaan.
6. Picture—Joseph Introducing Jacob to Pharaoh—By Franz Hanfstaengl.
7. Land of Goshen given to Israel.
 - a. Choice above all other land.
 - b. Joseph furnishes food for his brethren.
8. Famine in Egypt becomes sore.
 - a. Joseph obtains all the people's money.
 - b. He secures their cattle.
 - c. He secures their lands.
9. Jacob makes Joseph swear to bury him in Canaan.
10. Jacob blesses Ephraim and Manasseh.
 - a. Places right hand upon Ephraim's head.
11. Jacob foretells the future of the twelve tribes descended from his sons.
12. Jacob's death.
 - a. Joseph honors his father with a costly embalming.

- b. Carried to Canaan and buried along side of his father at Mamre.

E'phron	Shī'loh
Mām're	Māchir—son of
Māchpēlah	Manasseh
Phā'raōh	Hittites—Hīt'tites
Rām'esēs	

Notes.

I. The story of Joseph affords numerous illustration confirmatory of the Bible.

1. The "coat of many colors" is true to the unchanged eastern customs of today. Semitic visitors to the tomb of Beni Hassan are often seen dressed in robes of white, red, and blue, apparently made of a patchwork of separate small pieces. It is usual still in the east to dress favorite children in this way. Purple, scarlet, and other colors are pieced together with great taste, or the jackets worn are embroidered with gold and silk of different shades. Such a dress of honor may have seemed to foreshadow Joseph's being made heir, especially as Reuben and the elder sons had lost their father's favor by their misconduct.

2. The incident of the pit is quite in keeping with eastern customs, for underground cisterns abounded in Palestine, and when dry were so often used for a dungeon,—escape from them being impossible, from their frequently bottle-like shape—that the Hebrew word for them also means a prison.

The Canaanites had already dug many such cisterns over the whole land (Deut. 6:11). Towns, fields, and pastures alike needed them in a country largely dependent on rain-water as Palestine always was. Agriculture and grazing also required them, and hence any one who devoted himself largely to these had to dig many, as in the case of Uzziah (11 Chron. 26:10). The Moabite stone of King Meza orders every house to have one to catch the rain water. It was such a cistern as that into which Joseph was put that Jeremiah had for a dungeon. They were generally covered over with a great stone. The number of ancient cisterns and grainpits in Palestine is even now wonderfully great. They are to be found wherever you go, through the country. The surface water was the great reliance for necessary supplies from the earliest historical times, so that Canaan was always what it is now, a very waterless land, so far as running streams or springs were concerned.

3. The passage of an Arab caravan to-

ward Egypt, and its purchase of Joseph, is equally true to early times, and to the unchanging Eastern life of today. Sir Samuel Baker's boy, Saat, had, in the same way as Joseph, been carried off, while he was tending goats, by an Arab caravan; hidden in a gum sack, and finally taken to Cairo and sold as a slave.

Even the twenty pieces of silver given for Joseph are exactly the price fixed under Moses as that of a male slave between five and twenty years of age; so nearly had human beings, kept the same value for centuries.

The existence of slavery in Egypt is strikingly illustrated by countless pictures of slaves of both sexes, and of every color, on the monuments, and still more so by the existence to this day of manuscripts in which disconsolate owners offer rewards to any who will bring back fugitive slaves. Syrian slaves were prized higher than any others as was later the case in ancient Greece and Rome. It was therefore a fortunate chance for the Ishmaelites to secure Joseph, a Syrian for the Egyptian market.

II. Potiphar, in all probability, held the office of head of the state police, one of the corps of the army, but employed largely in civil duties.

Every citizen was compelled, by law, to appear yearly before the police superintendent of his district and show how he made his living; any false statement being punished by death.

The position of Joseph, as head over all the slaves in his master's house and over all household affairs, was one which constantly presents itself from the earliest times on the monuments and in the literature of Egypt. Every great family had a slave thus placed over all the rest.

III. Marriage was as sacred on the Nile as with ourselves. Infidelity on either side was one of the mortal sins.

IV. While wine was abundant in Egypt, drunkenness was denounced as strongly as among ourselves.

V. Egyptians placed great importance upon dreams. When dreams involving weighty questions were to be solved they were taken to a standing council of high ecclesiastics, twenty in number, and together with the heads of great temples, they helped the king out of his perplexity.

VI. The king's cup bearer, and the chief of his bakers were very high officials: for both had the responsible duty of protecting the king's life from poison. The butler had the furnishing of every thing which he drank, and the baker of everything which he ate.

First Intermediate Department.

Geo. M. Cannon, Choirman; Wm. D. Owen, Josiah Burrows, Sylvester D. Bradford.

Book of Mormon Stories.

LIMHI DELIVERED.

During all this time while Limhi and his people were in bondage to the Lamanites, they sought constantly a way of escape. Reaping the fruits, not of their own wickedness, but of the wickedness of their predecessors, they felt all the more keenly the bitterness of their lot. Their former plans had proved unavailing. Now a final effort for freedom was made, a company of men being appointed to search for Zarahemla.

But these men in their search, never having seen this city, passed it by and entered a land to the north, where they found the ruins of Jaredite cities. Thinking probably that they had discovered the lost city and that the Zarahemlaites had all been destroyed, they returned to their own people, bringing twenty-four golden plates with writing on them. This effort at deliverance having failed, there was nothing, apparently, for Limhi's captive people to do but to continue in their slavery.

Their case, however, was not so hopeless as they supposed. Not long after their last failure, they observed a number of Nephites outside their city walls, whom they captured and carried before King Limhi, under the impression that they had taken King Noah's priests. But the prisoners told a very different story. They had found the people of Zeniff. Their city had not been destroyed, but was prospering under the rule of a righteous king. This news transported everyone with joy. Now their deliverance was sure. The king and Ammon, one of the missionaries, related to each other the events during the time (about seventy-nine years) which had separated the two peoples. As soon as the necessary preparations could be made, the king and his people, under the guid-

ance of Ammon and his companions, made their escape from the land of their thralldom. After a swift journey, they reached the city of Zarahemla in safety, though they had been vainly pursued by the Lamanites.

QUESTIONS.

1. Tell the story of the lesson (Mosiah 19-22).
2. How did the Lamanites break their oath? (Mosiah 20: 6, 7).
3. Give the results of this battle (Mosiah 20: 8-26).
4. How was Abinadi's prophecy fulfilled? (Mosiah 21: 25, 26).
5. How did Limhi's people decide to deliver themselves? (Mosiah 21: 7-20; 25, 26).
6. What were the twenty-four plates of gold? (Mosiah 21: 27, 28).
7. How were the people of Limhi finally delivered? (Mosiah 21: 22-24, 32-36; 22: 1-14).
8. What did the Lamanites do when they found that Limhi's people had escaped? (Mosiah 22: 15, 16).

ALMA'S CAPTIVITY AND DELIVERANCE.

Those Lamanites who pursued Limhi lost their way in the wilderness and wandered about till they came upon the priests of Noah. Remembering these priests as wife-stealers, the Lamanites would have avenged themselves had not the priests' wives pleaded for mercy towards their husbands. Joined by the wicked priests, they continued their fruitless search for the city of Lehi-Nephi. In their wanderings they suddenly came upon the city of Helam, where Alma had so quietly settled with his people. Such a discovery, of course, meant captivity or death to the people of Alma.

Under promise of being left unmolested Alma showed them the way to their lost home. But Lamanitish treachery broke the promise. Upon reaching their home, they sent back a company to surround the city of Helam. By this time the craftiness of the priests had secured the leadership. Re-

membering how Alma had conducted himself during the time when Abinadi was burned, the revengeful Amulon, one of these priests, asserted his authority to its utmost against the captive people. He put grievous burdens upon them. They were forbidden even the comfort of vocal prayer, on pain of death, though he was powerless to prevent them from praying in their hearts.

The Lord, in answer to these secret prayers, commanded Alma to gather his people and their flocks and herds during the night, promising him that on the morrow deep sleep should silence their guards. Performing his part of the work, Alma found, sure enough, that next morning, the Lamanite guards were overpowered by sleep. Quietly but quickly the whole people fled for Zarahemla. On awakening, the Lamanites discovered that their captives were gone. Their efforts to follow them proved fruitless.

After a twenty-days' march, Alma and his people reached Zarahemla, where the three peoples—those of Mosiah, those of Limhi, and those of Alma—united into one people. About eighty years had elapsed since the little colony had left Zarahemla to rebuild their former home. During this period they had had a varied experience and had learned many valuable lessons.

QUESTIONS.

1. Tell the story of this lesson (Mosiah 23, 24).
2. When did Alma settle in the valley of Helam? (Mosiah 18: 30-35; 23: 1-20).
3. Why did the Lamanites not follow Limhi any farther? (Mosiah 22: 16).
4. What people did the lost Lamanites first find? (Mosiah 23: 30-39).
5. What people did the Lamanitish army next find? (Mosiah 23: 25-29).
6. How had Alma's people been living before they were found by the Lamanites? (Mosiah 23: 5-24).
7. What acquaintance had Amulon and Alma? (Mosiah 23: 31-35; 1E: 1; 24: 8-10).
8. What authority did Amulon exercise over Alma? (Mosiah 24: 11-12).
9. How was Alma delivered from bondage? (Mosiah 24: 13-25).

MOSIAH II.

Mosiah II. was a grandson of Mosiah I.—him who discovered Zarahemla on the banks of Sidon. He had been inaugurated king by his father, King Benjamin. This was well along towards the year 200 B. C., while Amaleki, the last writer of the "small plates," was alive. On this occasion King Benjamin called his people together at the temple, and organized the Church more completely.

This was a remarkable reign. In the first place, the form of civil government was changed, then the Church was more completely organized and finally the scattered peoples of the Nephite race were united under one head. The first two events will be discussed in subsequent papers; of the last it is necessary to speak in this place by way of review. It will be remembered that Zeniff's colony, which probably left Zarahemla in the reign of Mosiah I., had gone south to reinhabit the land of Lehi-Nephi, and that Mosiah II. had sent a company to search for them. Three kings reigned in the city during the years they were absent from the main body of the Nephites. During the latter part of King Noah's reign, Alma led his people into the wilderness. Hence it was that the people of Zeniff returned under two leaders, Alma and Limhi. Now that these people were united, all fears of their enemies, the Lamanites, were lessened, and prosperity was assured.

QUESTIONS.

1. Tell the story of this lesson (Mosiah 25, 26).
2. What did King Mosiah II do after the fragments of Zeniff's colony returned under Limhi and Alma? (Mosiah 25: 1-6).
3. How did Mosiah's people feel in regard to the history of this returning people? (Mosiah 25: 7-11).
4. What is the meaning of Mosiah 25: 12?
5. What was Alma's subject when he spoke to the congregations assembled? (Mosiah 25: 14-16).
6. What effect had the preaching of Alma? (Mosiah 25: 17-24).

7. What was the relative size of each people during the time of Mosiah II? (Mosiah 25: 2, 3).

THIRD YEAR'S WORK.

There have been a number of stakes asking for aid in the third year's work on the Life of the Savior. We find that the space in the JUVENILE will not be sufficient to permit the General Committee to provide the material similar to what is being written for the first year's work. There are a great many books written on the Life of Jesus, any of which is of a great assistance to the teachers. Most of our local workers do not have access to such books, and many of them would think they did not have time to read them even if they were in possession of the volumes.

There has been an outline prepared for the Teachers' quorum for 1910 by

the General Priesthood Committee. This outline is on the Life of the Savior and consists principally of extracts from some of the best authors on the subject. The first intermediate committee recommends that all teachers of the third year's work procure this pamphlet. It can be had by sending to the Deseret Sunday School Union Office, price fifteen cents. We do not intend this outline to take the place of the Sunday School outline, but to be used auxiliary to it. To illustrate: if you are preparing the lesson, "The Raising of Lazarus," turn to the Priesthood outline and read what can be found on the subject.

It is desired that in stakes where some classes are taking third year work that in the annual stake conference a paper be presented on helps in the study of the "Life of the Savior."

Primary Department.

Chas. B. Felt, Chairman; Wm. A. Morton.

Lesson 13. Joseph and his Brothers in Egypt.

Review. 1. To whom was Joseph sold by the merchants? 2. How did Potiphar treat him? 3. Why was Joseph so honored? 4. Tell of the trouble which came to Joseph? 5. Relate the dream of Pharaoh's chief butler. 6. Give Joseph's interpretation. 7. How did Joseph know the interpretation of the dream? 8. How do you know that Joseph's interpretation was correct? 9. By whom was Joseph released from prison? 10. Tell the two dreams which Pharaoh had. 11. What was Joseph's interpretation? 12. What advice did Joseph give to Pharaoh? 13. What honor did Pharaoh confer upon Joseph? 14. What have you learned from this story?

The dreams which Pharaoh had came true. For seven years the farms yielded very heavy crops. Joseph had many large granaries built and filled them with corn.

The next year the crops failed. The same thing happened the six following years. All the corn the people had saved was used up. There was none to be found except in the granaries of Pharaoh in Egypt.

Joseph's father and brothers began to suffer because of the famine. On hearing that there was corn for sale in Egypt, Jacob, Joseph's father, decided to send ten of his sons down there to buy some. He would not let Benjamin go with them. He said he was afraid of losing him, as he had lost Joseph. He did not know that Joseph was alive; neither did Joseph's brethren know that he whom they had sold to the merchants was at that time governor of Egypt.

When Joseph's brothers appeared before him he knew them, but they did not know him. He asked them why they had come to Egypt, and they said for the purpose of buying corn. He made them believe that he looked

upon them as spies. They declared they were not spies. They said they were the sons of a man named Jacob, who was living in the land of Canaan. They had a brother, Joseph, but they did not know what had become of him. There was a younger brother, named Benjamin, at home with their father.

Joseph pretended that he did not believe what they said. He charged them with being spies, and ordered them to be put in prison. They were kept in prison three days. During that time they thought of their past lives. They remembered the shameful way in which they had treated Joseph, and felt that God was punishing them for their unkindness to their brother.

When they had been in prison three days Joseph came to them. As he looked upon his brothers pleading before him, his heart was touched, and he went into another room and wept. Then he returned and gave orders for one of their number—Simeon—to be bound. "In order to prove that you have told me the truth," said Joseph to his brethren, "I will keep your brother Simeon here till you go back home and bring down your brother Benjamin."

Joseph told one of his servants to fill their sacks with corn, and to put the money which they had brought for the corn in each sack, also to provide them with food for the return journey.

On the way back, Joseph's brethren stopped to refresh themselves and to feed their animals. When they opened their sacks and found their money in them they were greatly frightened. They thought the governor of Egypt would charge them with being dishonest.

When they told their father what had happened to them he wept bitterly. He declared that he would not let Benjamin go away from him. "My boy, Joseph," said he, "is gone, Simeon is not with me, and if I were to let Benjamin go I might never see him again."

But after a time, when their food

was almost exhausted, Jacob agreed to let Benjamin go down with his brethren to Egypt. He also sent double the amount of money with them.

When Joseph's brethren appeared before him the second time, he told his servants to take them into his own home. Then he gave orders for Simeon to be brought out of the prison. When Joseph stood before his eleven brothers they all bowed down before him. At that moment he saw the fulfillment of his dream—in which he had seen his brothers' sheaves of corn bow down before his sheaf. He was so overcome that he had to retire to another room, where he gave vent to his feelings in tears. When he had recovered himself, he returned and instructed the servants to prepare a great feast for the strangers. From that time Joseph talked freely with his brethren and treated them with the greatest kindness, but he did not tell them he was their brother. He kept that piece of news for a later occasion.

Lesson 14. Joseph Makes Himself Known.

Review. 1. What can you say concerning Pharaoh's dreams? 2. How did Joseph treat his brethren on their first visit? 3. Why did he do so? 4. What were the thoughts of his brothers while in prison? 5. For what purpose did Joseph have Simeon put in prison? 6. What did Jacob say when he heard what had happened? 7. What took place on the second visit of Joseph's brethren to Egypt? 8. In what manner was Joseph's dream fulfilled? 9. What does this lesson teach us?

The first dream which the Lord had given to Joseph had been fulfilled. In our lesson today we shall learn of the fulfillment of his second dream, in which he said the sun, moon and eleven stars should bow down before him. The sun, moon and stars represented his father, mother and eleven brethren.

Joseph longed to see all the mem-

bers of his father's household, so this is what he did in order to get them to come down to him in Egypt. The morning after the feast he told his servants to fill his brethren's sacks full of food, and to put the money which they had brought in the sacks also.

Joseph had a beautiful, silver cup which he prized very highly. He told one of his servants to put the cup in Benjamin's sack. Benjamin was the youngest son, next to Joseph, and Joseph loved him dearly.

After his brethren had started for home, Joseph sent one of his servants after them, to charge them with having stolen his silver cup. When the servant stopped them and told them why he had come after them they stared at him in astonishment. They declared that such a thought as stealing anything belonging to the governor had not entered their heads. So sure were they of their innocence that they told the servant he could search their sacks, and if he found the cup, the one in whose sack it was found should be put to death, and the others would return and become servants to the governor.

Each man took down his sack and opened it. One by one the sacks were searched. At last the servant came to Benjamin's sack, and there, to the great surprise of all, the cup was found.

In anguish of soul they remounted their camels and returned with the servant to the home of the governor. Joseph pretended to be very angry, and charged them with stealing his silver cup. They all fell down before him and offered to become his servants.

"No," said Joseph, "that would not be right. The one in whose sack the cup was found shall be my servant, and the rest of you can return home."

Then Judah began to plead with Joseph. "If we return without Benjamin," said he, "our father will surely die. A number of years ago he lost his youngest son, Joseph. That was a

terrible affliction to him. Indeed, he has not recovered from it yet. He is an old man. He dearly loves Benjamin, and if we return without him our father will soon be in his grave."

As Joseph listened to the pleading of his brethren, and as he heard them tell of his dear old father, he could not disguise himself any longer. He burst into tears and exclaimed, "I am Joseph, your brother, whom you sold to the merchants. I freely forgive you for all your unkindness to me. The Lord has brought great good out of it. Return and tell my father that I am still alive, and that I want him and all his household to come to me. The famine will last five years more, but none of you shall want, for I have plenty, and you can all come and live here and we will be happy together. Then Joseph kissed each of his brothers, and they all rejoiced together.

Pharaoh, the king, was pleased when he heard of the visit of Joseph's brethren. He told them he would be pleased to have them bring their father and their families and take up their abode in his country. He said they could pick out the choicest part of the land, and that they could have all the food they needed and many other good things. The king offered them the use of his wagons in which to bring down their families, and their household effects.

With joyful hearts, and with many valuable presents, they returned to tell their father the glad tidings. When Jacob heard that his son Joseph was alive and that he was governor of Egypt, he shed tears of joy and gave thanks and praise to God.

Soon after, they all set out for Egypt. On hearing that his father and his brethren were coming, Joseph got into his chariot and went out to meet them. "O, my father! my father!" he exclaimed, as he came up to his aged parent; and the father cried. "Joseph, my son, my son!" They locked themselves in each other's arms and wept for joy. Then they all bowed down

before Joseph, and thus was his second dream fulfilled.

Joseph's father and brothers received a royal welcome from King Pharaoh, and were soon living in happy homes in Egypt.

Lesson 15. Moses and Pharaoh's Daughter.

Review: 1. What did Joseph do in order to detain his brethren? 2. What was his object in deciding to keep Benjamin a prisoner? 3. What plea did Judah make? 4. What happened at the close of Judah's speech? 5. For what purpose had the Lord brought Joseph to Egypt? 6. How did Pharaoh treat Joseph's brethren? 7. Describe the meeting of Joseph and his father? 8. Show how Joseph's second dream was fulfilled. 9. What may we learn from this lesson?

The king who ruled over Egypt in the days of Joseph was kind to the Hebrews, and they liked him very much.

After his death a wicked king began to reign. He was called Pharaoh also. He treated the Hebrew people very cruelly. He sent out an order that when a baby boy was born to the Hebrews he should be put to death. The nurses, however, saved the lives of many baby boys, and the Lord blessed them for doing so.

There was a baby born at that time who became one of the greatest men the world has ever known. For three months after his birth his parents kept him hid, lest the wicked king might hear of him and have him put to death.

When they saw it was impossible for them to keep his birth a secret longer, they sat down to think out a plan by which they might be able to save the baby's life. I am sure they prayed to God to help them.

Not far from the home of these good people there flowed a very large river. It was called the Nile. Almost every day the daughters of King Pharaoh came down to the river to bathe. The baby's parents had often

seen them go down to the river. They thought that perhaps they could get them to save the baby's life.

The baby's father went down to the banks of the river and gathered a bundle of bullrushes. Out of these he made a little ark, or boat, which he plastered with pitch to keep out the water. When the ark was finished the baby was tucked snugly in it. The parents, accompanied by their little daughter Miriam, went down to the river and placed the ark in a small pool, where the king's daughters could see it, when they came to the river.

Miriam was told by her parents to hide in the bushes, and to keep watch over her baby brother. The father and mother each placed a kiss on the cheek of their sleeping babe and went back to their home.

Miriam sat in the bushes, her eyes fixed on the little boat in which her baby brother was sleeping peacefully. In a little while she heard footsteps, and on looking up she beheld the king's daughters and their maids coming to the river for their morning bath.

As they drew near, her heart began to beat fast. "I wonder if they will see the ark?" she asked herself. The words had barely escaped her lips when one of Pharaoh's daughters exclaimed, "Oh, look at the little boat! I really believe there is a baby in it. Go," she said to her maid, "and bring it to me!"

The ark was brought, and when the little covering was lifted a sweet babe opened its eyes and began to cry.

"You dear little angel!" said the king's daughter. "I suppose your parents put you here in order to save your life, and it shall be saved. You shall be my own child."

Just then the baby's sister came out of the bushes. She approached the ladies and bowed politely before them. One of the king's daughters said to her, "Do you know, little girl where I could get a good, kind woman, who

could nurse and take care of this baby for me?"

"I am sure my mamma would be pleased to do so," said Miriam, "and, if you so desire, I shall go and get her for you."

The king's daughter told Miriam to go and bring her mother. When the good woman arrived, the king's daughter said to her, "Here is a baby boy we found on the banks of the river. I am going to adopt him as my own child. If you will take him home and raise him for me I will pay you well for your services."

The woman said she would gladly do so. The king's daughter kissed the babe and placed it in the arms of its mother, who bore it home rejoicing.

The child grew rapidly. Pharaoh's daughter came to see him often, and brought him many presents. He was given the name of Moses, because he was taken out of the water.

When he became a young man he went to live in the king's palace. He was given a splendid education, and was known as the son of Pharaoh's daughter.

Kindergarten Department.

Robert Lindsay McGhie, Chairman.

[In February and March we failed to make mention of the fact that the lessons had been prepared by the supervisors of two of the Ogden Stakes—the March work by Sisters Eva Hetzler and Rhoda M. Stitt of Weber Stake, and the April work by Sister Marion Belnap of Ogden Stake. We regret the oversight, and extend to them now our appreciation of their assistance and courtesy.]

NOTES.

As many of the teachers may have noticed, the kindergarten lessons as they have appeared in the *Juvenile* since January differ somewhat from the lessons as set forth in the Kindergarten Outlines. These discrepancies are due to the fact that the outlines are being revised, and as revised the series of lessons is appearing in the *Juvenile*. The work of revision thus far has been done through the co-operation of all the kindergarten supervisors in the five Salt Lake Stakes and the three Ogden Stakes, working in conjunction with the Primary and Kindergarten Committee of the General Board. The burden of this work has fallen upon a special committee, consisting of Beulah Woolley of Liberty Stake, Helen Davis of Salt Lake Stake, and Marion Belnap of Ogden Stake. The work done thus far has been approved by the supervisors of the eight stakes mentioned, by the Primary and Kindergarten Committee, and by the workers present at the kindergarten department session of the Sunday School Convention held in Salt Lake, April 9th.

However, the work is far from complete, and will not be ready for publication until near the end of 1912. It is the plan of the committee to print the outlines month by month in the *Juvenile*, and to have most of the lessons worked out in detail, as suggestive to kindergarten workers throughout the Church. Meanwhile the Kindergarten Committee will be very glad indeed to receive suggestions from any of the kindergarten workers for the improvement of the outlines—suggestions as to substance or arrangement of lessons, method, nature work, songs, pictures, or any other phase of kindergarten work. We are anxious that the revision, when completed, shall be as good as possible. Have you a thought worth while?—mail it to the chairman of the Committee.

That the purpose of the kindergarten work in the Sunday School conferences being held may be better understood and probably more be accomplished from the subject suggested, we are printing the statement of the work as it was submitted to the General Board: "The purpose is to demonstrate to kindergarten workers the concrete materials that may be brought into the class-room to aid them in their work. This refers not only to the kindergarten gifts, but to any other materials applicable to Sunday School use. The ball, the doll, pictures and charts, black-boards, flowers, objects familiar to child life, objects to illustrate or enforce some truth—pussy-willows, butterfly. Discussion and illustration of use of such materials in kindergarten work."

[The lessons in this issue have been prepared through the kindness of Sisters Alice Hillam and Beulah Woolley, supervisors in Liberty Stake.]

OUTLINE FOR JUNE.

1. Picture Day. Aim: Baptism is essential to salvation.
2. Story of Ruth. Text: The Book of Ruth. Aim: Nobility of soul is developed by deeds of brotherly love.
3. The Good Samaritan. Text: Luke 10:25-37. Aim: The same.
4. Children's Day. (Application of month's work.)

OUTLINE FOR JULY.

1. Independence Day. Aim: Courage to do right with the favor of God and man.
2. The Three Hebrews. Text: Daniel 3. Aim: The Same.
3. Daniel in the Den of Lions. Text: Daniel 6. Aim: The Same.
4. The Pioneers. Aim: The Same.
5. The First Sabbath in Utah—President Young's Talk.

Work for June.

SONGS.

"Jesus Wants Me for a Sunbeam,"
p. 211 Deseret Sunday School Songs.

"Pansies," p. 127 Deseret Sunday
School Songs.

"A Little Boy's Walk," Finger
Plays by Emilie Poulsson, page 32.

for it is better not to separate words
and music long.

MEMORY GEM.

"Errands of love are easy to run,
Saying sweet words is the dearest fun,
Let's see, you and I, just for today,
How many kind things we can say."

SUGGESTIONS FOR TEACHING "PANSIES."

Have some pansies with you. What color are they? Can you see just a tiny bit of another color in them? I know a song which says, "Little purple pansies touched with yellow gold." Where do pansies grow? How many have pansies in their gardens? The song says, "Growing in one corner of the garden old." They are not large flowers like this rose. What size are they? The pansies say, "We are very tiny, but must try, try, try, just one spot to gladden." How can they gladden the place where they grow? And they seem to tell the children they have a place to gladden too. A song after some such development means more to the child. Then you might repeat the verse slowly and distinctly. Repeat again, leaving out words for them to supply as—"Little purple—touched with—growing in one—of the—old," etc. Then sing it with them,

NATURE WORK.

As June is the month of flowers, it is a good time to make the children love and value them the more.

We have on our hill side beautiful wild flowers that are depending for their reproduction upon the seeds that are allowed to mature. In some localities these flowers have been picked to such an extent that they have almost disappeared. Is it not a fact that many children and grown-up people also, pick flowers simply for the picking? Can we not teach our little Kindergarten children that the flower as it grows is more beautiful and gives more pleasure than when picked, and that then the seed may come and plant many more? And if we want flowers in the house or to wear, isn't one often more beautiful than a crowded bunch?

If the children bring flowers with them to Sunday School, can we not prevent their pulling them to pieces;

can be seen a summer house where father sits painting the beautiful landscape, the mountains and trees in the early morning sunshine. The youngest child has her hands filled with flowers and is going toward her father.

After your review.—How old should you be when you are baptized? Yes, just as soon as your eighth birthday comes. Who else has a birthday at your home? Here is a picture that tells about a father's birthday. What is the mamma doing? The children? Where are they putting the flowers? Yes, in a basket they have woven. The father will be so pleased to get their present. Why do you suppose they want to give him the flowers? Yes, and father loves the mother and children, too. Can you see him? What is he doing? He wants to show them how much he loves them, too. The littlest girl isn't waiting till the basket is filled; what is she doing? When she gets to father she says—

"Welcome each small offering
That a young child's love may bring,
Though perchance he stint himself
Of some childish joy or pelf;
For love grows with being spent,
But starves in its own plenty pent."
—Froebel.

FINGER PLAY, "WHAT IS IT?"

Guess what I have hidden here.
(Fold right hand over left fingers.)
Nothing ugly, nothing queer.
Something that is always sweet
Though they are not good to eat.
Something small and white and pink,
Something that you love, I think.
Watch, now watch, I'll show you
them,
(Raise left hand and show fingers.)
Five wee roses on a stem.
Five wee roses in a row,
While the breezes gently blow.
(Swaying motion.)
Five wee roses all for you,
Aren't you glad those roses grew?

FIRST SUNDAY—PICTURE DAY.

Pictures for last month's lessons were hard to find so that some may not be able to have Picture Day. Review the lessons on the baptism to impress upon the children the truth.

The rest of the time might be spent on "The Flower Basket," in "Mottoes and Commentaries of Froebel's Mother Play," by Blow, page 134. Read theory for teachers in Kindergarten Plan Book, page 162.

If you cannot get the book draw on a large sheet of paper or blackboard the following picture: A flower garden where a mother and her three children are picking the choicest flowers and filling a basket which is near them. They are doing this for father. It is his birthday. In the background

can be seen a summer house where father sits painting the beautiful landscape, the mountains and trees in the early morning sunshine. The youngest child has her hands filled with flowers and is going toward her father.

After your review.—How old should you be when you are baptized? Yes, just as soon as your eighth birthday comes. Who else has a birthday at your home? Here is a picture that tells about a father's birthday. What is the mamma doing? The children? Where are they putting the flowers? Yes, in a basket they have woven. The father will be so pleased to get their present. Why do you suppose they want to give him the flowers? Yes, and father loves the mother and children, too. Can you see him? What is he doing? He wants to show them how much he loves them, too. The littlest girl isn't waiting till the basket is filled; what is she doing? When she gets to father she says—

"Here, dear papa, here are some flowers for your birthday. Do you like them? Mother and sister and brother have some more flowers for you, and oh, such pretty ones!"

"Why, my darling," says her father, "your little flowers are beautiful. They are so fresh and pure. How glad they make me! How glad everything makes me today!"

"Do you know," he asks, "who I must thank for all these good things?" The little girl thinks to herself: "Father ought to have everything that is good, because he is so good himself." But father says: "I must thank God who gave me life, God who gives life to all, God who is the Father of all. He gives me the many good things which make me so happy today. When mother and sister and brother come we will thank Him together."—Froebel.

SECOND SUNDAY—STORY OF RUTH.

Who lives at your home? What does papa do for you? What does

mamma? Would you want to live anywhere else? No, you want to stay with mamma and papa and brothers and sisters. I'm going to tell you about a young woman who loved her home, too, but she felt sorry for an old lady who was all alone, and went to live with her and help her.

Once there lived a poor old lady whose name was Naomi. She lived far away from her people, and had had so much trouble. Her husband and two sons had died and she was very sad. She would have been all alone, too, but her sons had loved two beautiful girls—Orpah and Ruth, and Naomi, too, loved these girls, for they were very kind to her. They seemed like her own daughters.

At last Naomi decided to go back to her old home and her people. The girls said she should not go alone, for they would go with her. They had not gone far when Naomi thought, "If I let these dear girls go with me they'll be as lonely in my country as

I am in their's." So she said, "Go back to your homes. You have been very kind to me, but I do not want you to leave all your relatives and friends for me."

Then Orpah kissed Naomi and went back to her own people; but Ruth said, "Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." That means, "Do not ask me to leave you, or go back home; I will go where you go, and stay with you wherever you live." And Ruth did not know about our Heavenly Father as Naomi did, so Naomi taught her all about Him, so she could love and serve Him, too.

They went to Bethlehem together, to Naomi's old home. The fields looked beautiful, for the corn and barley were ripe. The workers were just beginning to cut and gather the grain. Ruth and Naomi watched them.



RUTH AND NAOMI.

Calderon

Ruth saw that as the barley was cut and gathered, some was left on the ground and the poor people followed along and gathered it up. (Show a picture. "The Gleaners," by Millet is good.)

barley belonged to a very rich man named Boaz. He went to the field and saw the beautiful young woman gleaning. He asked the workers, "Whose damsel is this?" They told him who she was and how kind she had been



RUTH GLEANING.

Dore

Ruth said, "Let me now go into the field and glean," and Naomi said, "Go, my daughter." So Ruth went into the field among strangers and worked hard to get food for Naomi and herself.

The field where she gathered the

to Naomi. Then Boaz spoke to Ruth and told her to go to no other field but stay there and work. She was invited to eat dinner with his workers and he had them treat her kindly.

That night, when she went home to Naomi she had so much to tell about

what had happened in the field, and had gathered so much food for them that Naomi was happier than she had been for a long time; and they both thanked our Heavenly Father for His goodness to them.

Ruth gleaned in the same field till the end of the barley harvest, and took good care of Naomi. Then Boaz, because he loved them both, took them to live in his home.

Illustration—Adapt "The Lucky One," in JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, Jan., 1911.

THIRD SUNDAY—THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

I'm going to tell you a story Jesus told some people when He was on the earth.

Once there was a man going on a journey. He had a hard, lonesome road to travel. All along the way were big rocks, and robbers often hid behind them. Suddenly some robbers took hold of him, threw him to the ground, and pulled off his clothes so roughly that he was badly hurt. Then he was left all alone, lying in the hot sun without anything to cover him.

The poor man tried to get up, but when he moved he had such pains where the robbers had bruised him that he had to lie down again in the middle of the road. How he wished for help, but few people passed that way. At last he heard some footsteps. "Now I'll have some help," he thought, but the man passed along without even a kind word.

The poor man had to stay there without even a drop of water to moisten his lips. After a while he heard more footsteps and hoped some one was coming who would help him; but as he looked up, that man, too, passed right by him.

As the poor man lay there he thought he would surely die, for no one would help him. He heard footsteps again. There were more this time and louder, or the sick man would not have heard them. He could

not even open his eyes. But soon he felt something cool where his pain was; then something moistened his dry lips and he drank something which tasted so good. He opened his eyes and there was a man bending over him, pouring oil over all the sore places. Then he felt something wrapped around him which kept the hot sun and wind from his body. After a few minutes he felt himself lifted up, oh so carefully, onto the back of a donkey. He was very weak but much better now. The man led the donkey slowly down the hard, rocky, dusty road.

The poor man saw that the cloak he had on must belong to the other man. He also saw that he was a Samaritan. He wondered that a Samaritan would have anything to do with him, for his people never even spoke to Samaritans; they thought themselves so much better. But now he felt that the Samaritan had a kinder heart than his own country-men, who had passed him by.

When they got to the inn, (that is a place where people could stay), the Samaritan lifted him down from the donkey, carried him into the inn, and carefully laid him on a nice bed. All night long he had the kindest of care, for the Samaritan didn't let him want for a thing. His money, the robbers had taken so he couldn't pay for all this help, but the Samaritan didn't want pay. He paid the innkeeper himself so that the poor man might stay at the inn until he was well enough to go on his way.

Illustration—"A Little Errand Girl," JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, Feb., 1910.

Application—I wonder if we can help somebody next Sunday morning. If we think hard we can find somebody who needs us just as much as the poor man needed the good Samaritan, only in a different way. Where is Edith today? Yes, she could not be with us, her leg is so badly hurt. Perhaps she is thinking of us now and

wondering what we are doing. We could visit her next Sunday, and what could we take her? Yes, let's each bring flowers next Sunday, I'm sure mamma will let you. Who lives next door to you, Jack? Does he ever come to Sunday School? He doesn't have any little boys or girls to make his home brighter. We'll take some flowers to him and sing some of our nicest Kindergarten songs.

This is just a suggestive method of preparing the children for next Sunday's work. Definite preparation must be made.

FOURTH SUNDAY—CHILDREN'S DAY.

We mean by Children's Day a day on which the teacher may help the child to apply some of the lessons he has learned. It is seldom that we can do more than point out the way. We know that the doing of the deed is what counts. We must not force this action. Our place is to lead the child

to see and feel, and if the lesson is taught properly the child will want to do as we suggest. Take as many suggestions from the child as possible.

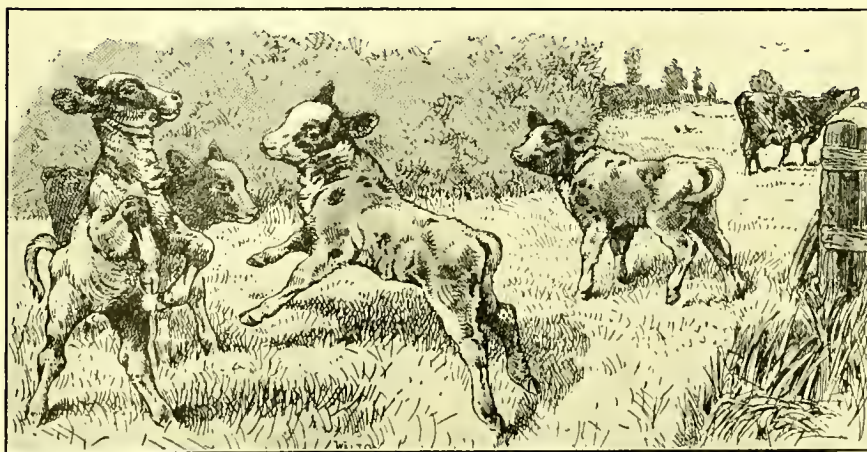
On this Children's Day have each child bring to Sunday School some flowers, either wild or cultivated. Have usual opening exercises but in place of lesson arrange flowers and plan with children what is to be done. Then take the children to some old, poor, or sick person's home, let them present the flowers and sing some of their songs, and you will find Children's Day one of the best days in the year.

Suggestive ways of arranging flowers:

1. A large bouquet of flowers made in each group and each group going to a separate home.
2. Each child carry and present his own flowers.
3. Each group teacher making a basket or box for the flowers.

*When I can translate an idea into words a child can understand,
then, and not till then, do I fully comprehend that idea.*

—Margaret Slattery.



"GOOD-BYE, YOU FELLOWS, MAMMA'S CALLING."

—Children's Friend, (English Magazine.)



The Gray Gopher.

By Claude T. Barnes, M. S. P. R.; M. A. O. U.; M. B. S. W.

Incessantly burrowing winter and summer, storing his provender of grasses and roots and living verily in the darkness of the underworld, the Gray Gopher, Pocket Gopher, Mole Gopher, Pocket Mouse or *Gaufre* as he is variously called, is truly the maker of loam, and the miner among mice. Every lad who roams the sweet smelling lucerne fields is familiar with his mound heaps, many a boy has successfully captured hundreds in traps but few have ever chanced upon him in the day time unawares. He delights in the twilight of dewy eve, venturing forth from his maze of tunnels usually only when nothing but the owl is liable to molest him.

The Gray Gopher has various names, Indian* and otherwise, as well

as those mentioned; but the word "gopher" is from the French "*gaufre*," a honeycomb, which has reference to its labyrinth of tunnels. The family *Geomysidae*, to which the gopher belongs, consists of rodents about the size of a rat, which live the life of a mole, have soft, fine fur, small ears and enormously developed front feet for digging. Their tails, which are short and almost naked, are very serviceable when running backwards, being well developed organs of touch.

A full-grown male gopher is about $9\frac{5}{8}$ inches long, of which $2\frac{7}{8}$ inches is tail; but the female is smaller. The color is generally a dark grayish, browner on the back and pale slaty below, but nearly white on the chin, throat, feet and tail. There are forty-seven different species in the Western United States, as yet too vaguely differentiated to ascribe any one variety to Utah and the surrounding terri-

*Indian names: Cree—Ootaw-chee-grae-shees; Ojib—Po-tach-i-ping-gua-shi, i. e., "blowing up the soil;" Yangton Sioux—Mah-hee-ah-cha; Ogallala Sioux—Wah-hin-hay-yah.

tory. In fact, gophers may be found in approximately 2,000,000 square miles of North America, their total number on a basis of 5 to 10 per acre being probably not less than 1,000,000,000!

Gophers favor the level prairies, low bottom lands, rich high uplands, and sandy dunes. One may see their earth mounds far up near the timber line and down by the seashore. In fact, they abound in every part of the West, where there is enough soil to burrow in and sufficient rain to produce a crop of plants.

If a gopher is trapped, the upheaval of mound from the tunnel in which it was taken, ceases; and, therefore, it has been concluded that the animal is by nature, solitary. Few methods of intercommunication such as the scent glands of the antelope and the station posts of the wolf, have been discovered, therefore, in the case of the gopher.

Though ordinarily silent, a gopher will hiss when taken alive, and even grind its teeth and utter a low snarl.

Very little is known of the young of this animal except that 5 or 6 are born at a litter, which leave the mother in autumn and burrow for themselves.

Their food, which is chiefly vegetable, consists of roots, grain, grass and plant leaves, 3 or 4 pints being found at times in each nest, not mixed but deposited carefully in separate piles. The main runway of every gopher burrow is provided at various intervals with blind alleys in which is stored grass roots in quantities of from a pint to a half peck in each alley. The quantity seems to be limited purposely so that the slight heat of the tunnel will in winter cause the roots to sprout and thus supply fresh food. Large chambers are accordingly made for the tubers of *helianthus*.

Usually the roots are cut in sections two inches long so that they will fit the pouches of the gopher; and it is probably the search for dainty tid bits of this kind which partially explains the

gopher's mania for burrowing. Captives refuse water.

The burrows of the gopher are usually 3 inches in diameter with mound outlets to the surface every few feet, though at times there may be an uninterrupted runway 30 feet long. In burrowing, the gopher loosens the earth with its front claws and passes it on to its hind feet. When a pile is made, the gopher turns and pushes the dirt out through the tunnel to the surface with its head. The soil is never removed in the gopher's cheek pouches as some suppose, these being food carriers only. Thus, if a gopher is proffered grass it will always cram its cheek pouches before eating any. This it does with both of its front feet, pushing the grass in so rapidly that its movements can hardly be followed.

The fore-paws of a gopher are prehensile and it cannot climb like a dog or a sheep; in fact, when it walks the claws are turned inward and the foot presses on the front side as is the case with the ant-eater.

Gophers usually begin working at sundown when the heat of the day is over. I noticed last spring that one troublesome gopher bored holes in my lawn only from sundown to sunrise, for the new earth mounds appeared only in the mornings. Probably the little animal sallies forth each night for grain and leaves, cramming them into its pouches and chasing to its burrow to consume them. It is then the owl's favorite prey; barn owls especially, being nocturnal, find it an easy victim and eat little else.

Every noon the gopher, however, opens his burrow to let in sunlight while it basks in the rays; hawks often catch the careless creature then.

Among the numerous enemies of the gopher must be included in addition to owls and hawks, badgers, weasels, coyotes, foxes and snakes, the last named frequently entering the open burrows for their prey. Gophers plug all entrances to their tunnels with great care, and if the plugs are re-

peatedly removed the whole burrow will be abandoned.

Amphibians of the genus *ambystoma* take refuge in winter in gopher holes, as does the common toad, if the hole is found when he wants to bury himself.

The burrows, which are of two kinds, forage and residential, are in some cases 125 feet long. There is always a central den or chamber about 12 inches long, 9 inches wide, 7 inches high, neatly lined with chewed grass. The dung deposits are always made in specially provided side pockets in the main runway.

At several places in the main tunnel are placed piles of earth pellets—the mud encountered on foraging trips and neatly placed away when removed from the feet. As the burrows are

left open an hour or two on sunny mornings it is quite evident that the air therein will last one gopher a considerable time.

Being non-hibernant, gophers labor incessantly year in and year out, making round earth tunnels under the snow which in spring time run over the ground and even over logs like a garden hose.

As earthworms are not native to the West, it is really the gophers which make the loam. Imagine the amount of soil they are sending to the ocean when each one of the billion throws out from one to five bushels of dirt in a night, the loam to be gathered by the rains and carried far away to form a new continent.

A SONG OF TRUST.

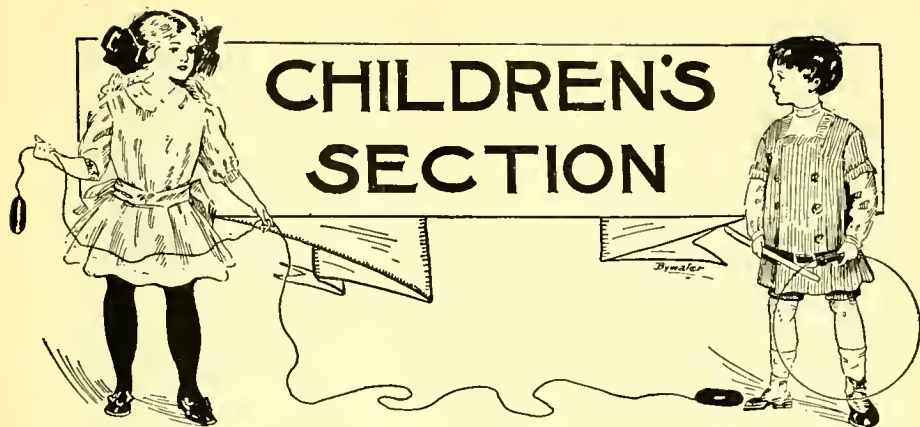
Though the weakness of love stirs your longing for home,
When the Master requires you be strong, heed the call,
For whatever assails you, wherever you roam,
While you trust in His mercy you never shall fall.

When the billows about you like mountains shall rise,
He will temper the storm for your safety and speed;
Though the powers of hell your destruction devise,
They shall never prevail, He will answer your need.

He who gives the wild sparrow enough for each day,
He will never forget what you daily require.
If He clothes the frail grasses that grow by the way,
Will He not give you also your needful attire?

Put your trust in the Lord, for His judgment is sure;
All enduring His mercy, His love cannot fail.
O, whatever it be you are called to endure,
Put your trust in the Lord, and the Lord shall prevail.

—Benjamin Waddlestock.



Queens O' May.

The day was a lovely one, clear and sunshiny, without a cloud as big as a man's little finger in the sky. Amos, who was Grandpa Dent's hired man, declared it was a "weather breeder," but this didn't trouble the children a bit.

"It's just be-a-utiful now," said Maidie, shaking her curls at Amos, "and I think it's going to keep right on that way. My grandma says it isn't a good plan to beg trouble."

"Ho, ho!" laughed Amos, taking up his wheelbarrow handles, and thinking that Maidie was a very funny little girl. "Well, I hope you'll have a nice picnic," said he.

"Oh, we shall," chorused the children joyfully; and it was safe to say they would, unless something happened to prevent.

There were seven of them in all, three from Uncle Jack Harvey's, three from Mr. Thatcher's, whose farm joined Grandpa Dent's, and Maidie, who was going to stay until her mamma came home from California—perhaps all summer long.

Of course there were a great many good times, and this was one of them. Aunt Prudence packed a delicious lunch for the picnic, and Grandma Dent added some caraway cookies and jam tarts, which nobody else knew how to make so nice. Then away the children went in the sunshine of the bright May morning to the pine

grove where the May-flowers grew.

The snow had disappeared unusually early that spring, and the April days had been as warm and golden as they sometimes are in June, so the buds, hiding under the rusty green leaves, had burst into masses of pink-and-blue bloom just in time for the May-day picnic.

"How swe-et they are!" cried Maidie, sniffing in an ecstasy of delight. "Isn't it funny that such homely leaves have such pretty flowers?" she asked, thoughtfully.

Cousin Ted laughed. "That's one way of 'evening up' things," said he. "My father says everything ought to be 'evened up' some way."

When they had come quite through the grove, they sat down on the edge of the sunny slope to make the wreath. It was settled in the beginning that Maidie was to be the queen.

"Because you're visiting, you know," said Pet Thatcher.

"Oh!" exclaimed Maidie. "Look, Dolly! What a funny little house over there! Who lives in it?"

Dolly looked. It *was* a funny little house, painted red where it was painted at all, with a roof only on one side.

"Oh, that's where Mitty Blines lives," said she, "and her grandma."

"And Mitty can't walk a step, ever," added Bess Harvey. "She's—she's—"

"Paralyzed," put in Ted wisely.

"She just sits in a chair all day long," said Pet soberly. "And her



THE CROWNING OF QUEEN MAIDIE.

grandma knits and knits, and sometimes folks give her things."

Maidie's eyes were big and bright. "Can't the little—can't Mitty ever go out-doors—ever?" she asked.

"No," answered Dolly softly, "she

can't unless she's carried, and there's nobody to carry her."

The little shed-roofed house on the opposite slope wavered for an instant before Maidie's eyes. She wondered how things were "evened up" for Mit-

ty. In another minute Ted held up the wreath, all pink and white and sweet.

"Your crown is done, Queen Maidie," he said. "Now, bow your head—or, no, come over here to this pretty mound of arbutus blossoms that are peeping through the leaves. It shall be your throne."

Maidie stepped across to the arbutus throne and bowed her head, her eyes bright.

Ted placed the crown upon the curls with a funny little bow.

"All hail, Queen Maidie!" he cried. "And now," he went on without further ceremony, "where shall we have the picnic?"

"Right here," decided Dolly promptly, "it's so nice and warm."

"Pooh!" scoffed Ted. "This isn't any kind of a place. We want to go somewhere. We'll have it on the big rock the other side of the woods."

"Nonsense!" declared Jamie Thatcher. "Let's go down there by the brook, under the big elm."

"Yes, that's a fine place," put in Tommy Thatcher.

Ted's face grew red. He was the oldest of the seven, and felt that he had the right to decide. He said so, rather crossly, and Jamie answered back; and so the first cloud came up, which grew bigger and blacker, until it was big as a man's hand. Jamie was ready to cry, and Ted declared he wouldn't have a picnic at all.

"Oh, let's don't do this way," urged Dolly gently. "Let's let Maidie say, because she's the queen."

A quick little twinkle that wasn't all fun came into Maidie's blue eyes.

"Will you?" she cried. "I'm so glad! And I'll go ahead, just like a real queen."

So she moved in front of them, wearing her crown, and Ted took the lunch-basket, and the whole little party with their arms full of flowers followed down the slope.

"Goody!" thought Jamie jubilantly, "she's going to the brook!"

But Maidie didn't stop at the brook. Over in the little red house a pair of eyes were watching eagerly from the big chair by the window. Old Mrs. Blines had gone to the village, and Mitty was lonesome enough; and she did hope the party would be where she could see it. She caught her breath when she saw the children tip-toe over the log across the brook, and come up the slope.

"I can't see 'em," she said; "they're going where I can't see 'em."

It was a great disappointment. Mitty turned her face away from the window and shut her eyes tight. But only for a minute. There was a merry clatter on the step, and a knock at the door.

"Come in," said Mitty, all of a tremble.

And in they came, filling the room with blossoms and sweetness and May-time joy. Poor little Mitty! Her thin cheeks paled and flushed. The tears seemed ready to fall.

"Oh, don't—don't cry!" said Maidie, springing forward. "We've—we've come to our May-day picnic with you, and we want you to be the queen. Oh—I thought you'd be glad!"

Just for an instant Mitty hid her face; then she lifted it, trembling and rosy, and fairly shining with joy.

"Oh, I am!" she cried. "I'm gladder than I ever was in my life!"

Ted was watching with kindling eyes. He was himself again, the cloud all gone. He turned the big chair, with Mitty in it, so that it would face the room; and then Maidie, with a pretty gesture, lifted the crown from her own head and placed it on Mitty's; and Ted cried, "All hail, Queen Mitty!"

"Now arrange the chairs and stools around our queen," said Maidie joyously. "And, Ted, you open the basket, and get out the napkins. We'll pass the goodies around, instead of placing them on the table. It will be more picnicy."

"O—oh!" said Mitty softly, after



"ALL HAIL, QUEEN MITTY!"

it was all arranged and she sat looking into the shining eyes of her subjects, "I am so glad—gladder than I ever was in my life!"

They were all glad; a merrier little party never was seen.

And Uncle Jack Harvey said, when he heard of it, that it was an "evening up" worth telling of.—Frank H. Sweet.

An Old Story Retold.

It was a bright morning in the old city of Rome many hundred years ago. In a vine-covered summer-house in a beautiful garden two boys were standing. They were looking at their mother and her friend, who were walking among the flowers and trees.

"Did you ever see so handsome a lady as our mother's friend?" asked the younger boy, holding his tall brother's hand. "She looks like a queen."

"Yet she is not so beautiful as our mother," said the elder boy. "She has a fine dress, it is true; but her face

is not noble and kind. It is our mother who is like a queen."

"That is true," said the other, "There is no woman in Rome so much like a queen as our own dear mother."

Soon Cornelia, their mother, came down the walk to speak with them. She was simply dressed in a plain, white robe. Her arms and feet were bare, as was the custom in those days, and no rings nor chains glittered about her hands and neck. For her only crown, long braids of soft brown hair were coiled about her head, and a tender smile lit up her noble face as she looked into her sons' proud eyes.

"Boys," she said, "I have something to tell you."

They bowed before her, as Roman lads were taught to do, and said, "What is it, mother?"

"You are to dine with us today, here in the garden; and then our friend is going to show us that wonderful casket of jewels of which you have heard so much."

The brothers looked shyly at their mother's friend. Was it possible that she had still other rings besides those on her fingers? Could she have other gems besides those which sparkled in the chains about her neck?

When the simple outdoor meal was over, a servant brought the casket from the house. The lady opened it. Ah, how those jewels dazzled the eyes of the wondering boys! There were ropes of pearls, white as milk and smooth as satin; heaps of shining rubies, red as the glowing coals; sapphires as blue as the sky that summer day, and diamonds that flashed and sparkled like the sunlight.

The brothers looked long at the gems.

"Ah!" whispered the younger: "If our mother could only have such beautiful things!"

At last, however, the casket was closed and carried carefully away.

"Is it true, Cornelia, that you have no jewels?" asked her friend. "Is it true, as I have heard it whispered, that you are poor?"

"No, I am not poor," answered Cornelia, and as she spoke she drew her two boys to her side, "for here are my jewels. They are worth more than all your gems."

The boys never forgot their mother's pride and love and care, and in after years, when they had become great men in Rome, they often thought of this scene in the garden. And the world still likes to hear the story of of Cornelia's jewels.

The Story of "Smiling Joe."

By Kate Thomas.

The recent tuberculosis exhibit in Salt Lake City has made me think of a boy named Joseph Barron, who lives in the slum district of New York city's "east side." It is almost like plagiarism to write about little Joe, for he was so famous that his pictures were in many newspapers, and Mr. Jacob Riis, the noted settlement work-

er, made a magazine article about him. But perhaps the boys and girls of Utah would like to make his acquaintance.

Little Joe didn't march to the wars, perhaps he never will, but he is the biggest kind of a hero for all that.

It is hard for people who live where there is plenty of room to understand what the slum district of a big city is like. You children who have play grounds in your own homes, who run all over the hills and into the canyons,—can you imagine houses built in a row so close together that they touch for miles and miles? Can you imagine these houses so crowded that sometimes a whole family lives in one room? And can you imagine streets no wider than our sidewalks, full of dirty, (sometimes very hungry, poor little things!) ragged children who never saw the country, or a real flower garden, and who have nowhere to play but in these same narrow streets? Doesn't it make you glad for our good sunshine and fresh, pure air? Well, little Joe lived in just such a place.

He was born a cripple. And he was always in pain. Think of it! A dear little baby's having to suffer every minute of the time except when he was asleep! But he smiled just the same. Nobody came near little Joe without seeing that patient, cheery smile pass over his wan, white face. For five years he suffered and smiled, then his mother heard of the Sea Breeze Home on Coney Island, a hospital good people had founded for unfortunate children who were afflicted like little Joe with the awful bone tuberculosis (consumption), and she carried him up there. It was a great change, going from the East Side to this cosy place where everything was so clean and nice, and where he could sit on the broad porch and watch the ocean.

Joe smiled at the doctors and nurses, smiled while he told them where his pain was, and won their hearts completely. They were going to make him a well boy if it were pos-

sible. They decided that all weight must be taken from his spine, so they strapped him to a bamboo frame that fitted tightly against his back. Every part of his body was bound tightly, too. Only his head could move. And for a whole year, except one month, "smiling Joe" was kept in this position!

The porch was his home. He ate and slept there except on very stormy was his best medicine. He used to beg to play on the sand with the other children. It was hard for them to resist his pleading smile, but he had to stay strapped. Through all that eleven months of pain and discomfort, he smiled. Oh, but how much better he looked—how much stronger he was growing! And then came the wonderful day when they loosed the bindings and lifted him off the bamboo frame. Can you see the sparkle in little Joe's dark eyes, and a bigger smile than ever on his eager face? It was a moment of moments to everybody there; for who could help loving such a brave little chap? Joe was six years old by then, but he had to learn to walk all over again, as if he were a baby. Every day the nurses helped him, until he was able to go about as the other children did. And, oh, how Joe enjoyed that sand when at last he could run and play in it! Surely then that "smile that could never rub off" was the smile it ought to be, the smile God meant it to be—happy and healthy.

"Smiling Joe" was cured!

This was about three years ago, so you see he isn't very big yet—not much past ten. He probably doesn't know that he was a hero, and may never find out that his picture was in the papers. But one thing seems certain, and that is, that such a boy could scarcely help growing into a lovable, useful man.

May his smile never grow less and may it always prosper him, and may it never come again through pain.

A Syrup-Can Mother.

Dorothy Deane and her little brother Laurence were standing by the window watching for papa. Every night when it was time for him to return home they waited until they saw him come in sight around the corner, and then ran as fast as they could to meet him.

Unless papa was very tired indeed, he always carried one of them home on his shoulder, while the other took hold of his hand, and both tried to tell him of all that they had been doing that day.

"There he comes!" cried Dorothy at last, and the children raced toward the corner as fast as their chubby little legs would carry them.

"Careful now!" said papa warningly, as the two hurrying little figures reached him. "Don't hit against my dinner-pail!"

"What is in it?" asked Dorothy and Laurence in one breath, as they stood on tiptoe, trying to peep inside the cover.

"Guess!" said papa laughingly. "A nickel to the one who guesses right!"

"Candy!" cried Laurence.

"Oranges!" said Dorothy.

Papa shook his head at both these guesses, and at all the others that followed, until they had reached the house.

"Now let mamma have a turn," he said, holding the dinner-pail up to her ear.

"Why, it isn't—" mamma began, with a look of the greatest surprise.

"Yes, it is!" papa declared. Then he took off the cover and tipped the pail gently over in the middle of the kitchen table, and out came ten of the fluffiest downiest little chickens that any of them had ever seen. Several stepped about timidly, but most of them huddled together near the pail, peeping softly.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried the children delightedly, jumping up and down in their excitement. "Are they really



"Out came ten of the fluffiest."

chickens that any of them had

ours? Where did you get them?"

"They are power-house chickens," papa replied, smiling at their enthusiasm—"hatched right in the engine-room!"

"What do you mean?" asked mamma in astonishment, gazing at the pretty little creatures.

"Just what I say," replied papa, who was an engineer in the big power-house down town; "they were hatched on a shelf in the engine-room."

"You are joking!" mamma declared; but papa shook his head at once.

"It was just this way," he explained, hanging up his hat. "Tom Morgan brought me a dozen eggs from his new hennery about three weeks ago. I put them up on the shelf, intending to bring them home that night, but never thought of them again until this morning, when there seemed to be something stirring up there. I looked, and, sure enough, there was a fine litter of

chickens, just picking their way out of the shells!"

"But how did it ever happen?" asked mamma in a puzzled tone, while Dorothy and Laurence scattered tiny bread-crumbs near the new-comers.

"Because the engine, running night and day, gave the eggs just as much heat as they would have found under a hen's wings," papa replied; "and so they thought that they were put up there to hatch."

"Oh, aren't they darlings!" cried Dorothy, clapping her hands as the chickens began to eat the crumbs. "They are the nicest pets that we ever had in all our lives!"

"The only question in my mind is, how they are to be mothered at night," papa said, patting Dorothy's bright curls as he spoke. "If mamma can decide that question for us, I will agree to make a nice home for them."

Mamma looked thoughtful for a moment, then told papa that if he

would make the little house, she would soon have a mother ready to put inside it.

While papa was making a nice coop out of a wooden box, mamma found an empty tin can that had once held a gallon of maple syrup. She filled this full of boiling water, screwed the cover on tight, and then wrapped it up in pieces of flannel.

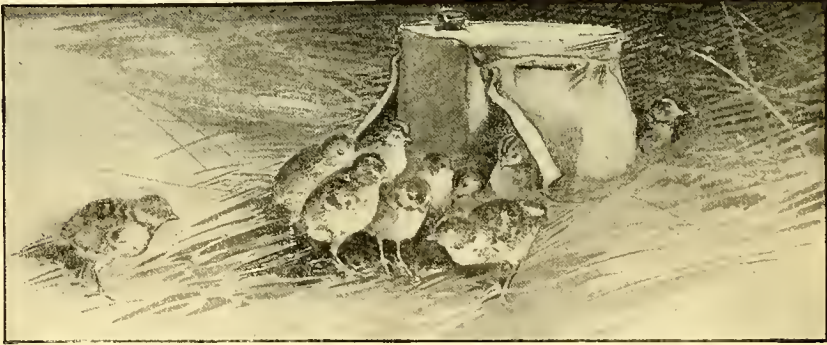
"There," she exclaimed triumphantly, fastening the last strip, "let us see how the chickens like this for a mother!"

Setting the can carefully in the center of the coop, she put the little chickens close by it. Finding it soft and warm, they cuddled up against the

flannel cover, and began to chirp as contentedly as if it were a mother hen. Then she pinned a square of flannel to the upper side of the can, letting it spread either way like a mother hen's wings, and leaving the ends open for the chickens to go in and out.

"We will fill the can with hot water every night," said mamma, "and it will keep the chickens nice and warm. They will never know that it is not a real mother."

Whether or not this was true, the chickens certainly lived quite happily with their syrup-can mother, until papa declared that they were large enough to go to roost in the barn.



"The chickens certainly lived quite happily with their syrup-can mother."

The American Boy

OF course what we have a right to expect from the American boy is that he will turn out to be a good American man. Now, the chances are strong that he won't be much of a man unless he is a good deal of a boy. He must not be a coward or a weakling, a bully, a shirk or a prig. He must work hard and play hard. He must be clean-minded and clean-lived, and able to hold his own under all circumstances and against all comers. It is only on these conditions that he will grow into the kind of a man of whom America can really be proud. In life, as in a football game, the principle to follow is: Hit the line hard; don't foul and don't shirk, but hit the line hard.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The Children's Budget Box.

The Budget Box has received a number of letters from parents asking why we do not print their children's contributions. Some of our friends seem to think that this department will print everything sent in. If we did this the entire magazine would be devoted to the Budget Box. We have tried to keep the fact before our readers all the time, that this department is competitive. We can only print the best, and every contributor must leave this to our judgment. The real object of this section is to encourage natural talent in writing and drawing and not to simply get the children's names in print. However, we receive many pictures of great merit which we cannot reproduce because the contributors have not complied with the rules. Some are on brown paper or folded and creased or drawn on lined writing paper. Please remember that half-tones cannot be made from such pictures. Then again, poems and stories for certain months arrive too late to be of any use. We know that in every competition there must be some disappointment, and especially among children, and if they show no evidence of real talent along the lines of our competition it would be far better to discourage them altogether than to encourage them in a hopeless task ending only in disappointment.

We have been greatly pleased with our young contributors, so far, and hope they will continue to send in their little stories and poems. We are unbiased, have no favorites and every one of you has an equal chance with the other. Even if you don't win the effort to write will be a blessing to you and may be the starting point for glorious victories to come. Next month we will print the names of a large number of contributors who are entitled to "honorable mention." We hope they will try again.

The Budget Box sends May-day greetings to all.

Only a Little Stray Dog.

"Oh! boys, how can you?" Helen's eyes blazed as she watched some boys cruelly drowning a small stray dog. They would throw it in the canal and when it swam out to them, they would throw it in again. None seemed to have heard her, so she came up to the bank and watched it coming toward them. When it came ashore one of the boys went out to get it, but Helen darted past him, took the dog in her arms and turning to the boys she said:

"I think you boys ought to be ashamed. If you wanted to kill it you could have done it quicker."

The boys stood back amazed; they had not expected this. In fact some of them did not know she was there. They watched her with surprised glances as she carried the dog to the house.

About two years later, one of Helen's friends came to visit her and brought her little sister. The girls were sitting by the river when baby Bess fell in the water. Both girls stood as if they were paralyzed, unable to do a thing. Then Gyp, her dog, went to the rescue. He jumped in the water, and seizing the baby's dress, drew her to shore. Helen's friend clasped the baby to her heart, while Helen patted Gyp's neck, and said softly:

"Oh! you dear old dog. What if I had let the boys drown you."

Daphne Webb,

Age 13.

Basalt, Idaho.

Age 12.

"Walking Down the Street."

Ila Wing,

Provo, Utah.



One Who Studies, Wins.

A small village was situated by a row of pretty hills and mountains. In the center of the village was a school-house. Here the children could be seen going and coming from school. A crowd of girls between the ages of twelve and fourteen were talking about a girl whose name was Evelyn. Evelyn was a poor girl and did not have the same advantages the other girls had; but she studied very hard in school and wanted to learn all she could while she had the opportunity. In school she got higher marks than any one else in her class. The girls thought it was not fair, and so they called Evelyn, "teacher's pet." This made Evelyn feel bad, and she almost dreaded to receive her hard-earned marks. There was to be a difficult examination at the closing of the term and the one that received the highest mark was to have a new silk dress, a locket and chain, and go with the teacher to a large city where they could visit by the seashore. Of course, all were excited at this and wanted to win. It was the day before the occasion, when two girls came around to Evelyn's home and asked her if she would go to the show with them, but she said she would rather stay home and study.

"Pooh," said one of the girls, "I expect to get the best paper and receive the prize, but I'm not going to study tonight." That night Evelyn studied hard and the next day she answered all the questions in the examination. After this, the teacher announced that Evelyn had the best paper and had won the prize. So Evelyn went to the city, but she did not enjoy it all herself. She gave a party and made each guest enjoy it with her. After this she was always liked.

Laura Snow,

Age 13. St. George, Utah.



Netta Vincent.

Age 14.

"The Violet."

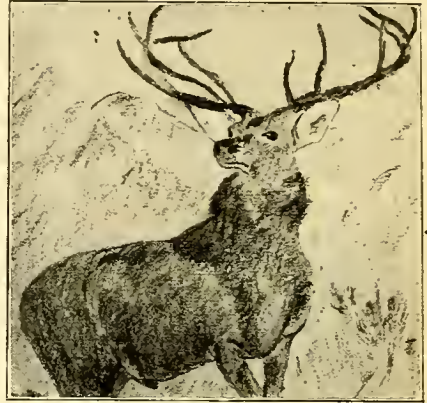
First to peep above the snow,
First to come and first to go;
First to blossom in the spring,
First of all the news to bring.

Just a tiny violet small,
Peeping 'neath the old rock wall.
Just a bud, a leaf, a flower,
Far above them roses tower.

Irene Livingston,

Age 16.

Spring City, Utah.



Kettie Billington,

Age 15.

Spring City, Utah.

Spring Time.

Beautiful spring is here again,
The grass is turning green.
It brings us many showers of rain,
And beautiful flowers are seen.

Nature awakes from her long sleep,
Lambs upon the cool grass play.
Daisies from the green grass peep,
And birds are singing the livelong day.

Spring is the best of all the year,

Summer comes next in line.

Then comes autumn with its good cheer,
And then comes winter so fine.

By Paul Merrill,

Age 11.

Pima, Ariz.

Competition No. 14.

Book prizes will be awarded for the best contributions of the following:

Verses: Not more than twenty lines.

Stories: Not more than three hundred words.

Photographs: Any size.

Drawings: Any size.

Rules.

Competition will close June 1st.

Every contribution must bear the

name, age and address of the sender, and must be endorsed by teacher, parent or guardian as original.

Verses or stories should be written on one side of the paper only. Drawings

must be on plain white paper and must not be folded.

Address: The Children's Budget Box, JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, 44 E. South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

The Puzzle Page.

The March Puzzles.

The Charade by Nettie Rencher was not solved by any one. The answer is May-Ted (mated).

The correct answers to the squared words, by Frances Curtis, are as follows:

(1) (2)

E S A U	G O L D
S A L T	O G E E
A L T A	L E A N
U T A H	D E N Y

(3)

P E A R
E A S E
A S I A
R E A P

Correct answers were received from the following:

Lottie Ashby, Leamington, Utah.
Rulon P. Bennion, Vernon, Utah.
Edith Bowman, Hooper, Utah.
Phylis Berlin, Huntsville, Utah.
Charles L. Burgess, View, Idaho.
Violet Bramwell, Raymond, Canada.
Aulene Carbine, Rexburg, Idaho.
Hannah Cook, Hooper, Utah.
Irene Day, Hunter, Utah.
Ermine Dalley, Summit, Utah.
Zoe Fletcher, 131 S. 2nd E., Provo.
Leda Finlinson, Leamington, Utah.
Bernella Gardner, Pine Valley, Utah.
Eleanor Ashby, Leamington, Utah.
Earl Greathouse, Leamington, Utah.
Nettie Heggie, Montpelier, Idaho.
Violet S. Hopkins, Soda Springs, Ida.
Lila Hancey, Hyde Park, Utah.
Ruby Irwin, Laketown, Utah.
David Isakson, 856 12th St., Ogden.
Melvin R. Jones, Malad, Idaho.
Pearly Johnson, Byron, Wyoming.
Alvin Larsen, Colonia Diaz, Mexico.
W. O. Lundgreen, Glenwood, Utah.
Waneta Leavitt, Bunkerville, Nevada.
Paul Merrill, Pima, Arizona.
Shelby Nielsen, Leamington, Utah.
Erick L. Olsen, River Height, Logan.
Zina Overton, Leamington, Utah.
Ivy C. Nielson, Hunter, Utah.

Sidney Pehrson, Vernon, Utah.
Eva M. Overton, St. Johns, Arizona.
Elna Peterson, Monroe, Utah.
Harold H. Powell, Vernal, Utah.
Elbert Slade, Murray, Utah.
Kenneth Sheffield, Kaysville, Utah.
Miriam Renstrom, Huntsville, Utah.
Reva Tennant, Manti, Utah.
Wayne Whitney, St. Johns, Arizona.
Ada Whiting, St. Johns, Arizona.
Delsy Workman, Hurricane, Utah.

A Flock of Birds.

By Jennie Bradford, Provo, Utah.

See if you can find the names of the feathered creatures suggested by the following guides.




1. The first word one would say if held up by a robber. An exclamation.
2. Something light.
3. A boys' name. Not out.
4. When you feel sad.
5. Something bees do and sometimes people. Part of the word "mingle."
6. A German word for large. Part of a bird.
7. The name of some islands.
8. Part of a day. A symbol of Easter.
9. A consonant. Something evolutionists talk about in their argument for evolution.
10. A boy's name. An exclamation. Part of a chain.
11. A fire. Not out. What you say when you want someone to leave you.
12. A vowel. A noted bird in Utah.
13. An important word in the "Ten Commandments." An animal.
14. Absence of light.
15. A noted play.
16. A name often given to a foolish person.
17. Noted people in ancient history. A vowel.
18. A small fowl. A vowel. A consonant.

For the best list of birds contained in the above "flock" we will award book prizes.

All answers must be in by June 1st.




Address: Puzzle Editor, JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, 44 E. South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.




Pinky-Winky Stories





 CLIP, clap! went the , and out came a Pinky-Winky Pussy-cat. "The Pinky-Winky ,


Uncle Billy, "sat beside the nice  where she lived with her mother, Mrs. Tabby-.





A  of sweet milk stood near by, and a soft  to play with lay in the grass, but the Pinky-Winky  sat still and thought.

'The black  next door has a  tied round her neck with a ,

she said. 'Oh, mother, mother! I want a  tied round my neck with a  !' 'Tut, tut!' said Mrs. Tabby-.






'Little cats like you don't need  . Be good, and wait till you are bigger.' So the  set and the  rose and it was the next day.

'Oh, mother, mother!' cried the Pinky-Winky , 'am I big enough now?' 'Tut, tut!' said Mrs. Tabby-



, 'not yet. Be good and grow fast, and don't talk to me about   and  !'


Now in the  where the Pinky-Winky  lived, there lived a little  named Arabella. And





 sat in her little  and thought. 'The little girl next door has a  with a , ' she said. 'Oh mother, mother! I want a  with a




 !' 'Tut, tut!' said her .

'Little girls like you don't need .

Be good, and wait till you are bigger.'


So the  set and the  rose


and it was the next day. 'Oh mother,



mother!' cried .


'Am I big enough now?'


'Tut, tut!' said her .


'Not yet. Be good, and grow fast, and don't talk to me about  and


 !' So the days went by and the Pinky-

Winky  and  grew fast and were good and

waited. And one day Mrs. Tabby-  said,

'Now you are big enough to have a  tied

round your neck with a  !'

Then the Pinky-Winky 



danced for joy---like this:" Snip,

snap! went the ,

and there was the Pinky-Winky Pussy-cat

dancing for joy. "And the very

same day," said Uncle Billy,

"Arabella's mother bought her a  with a  !

And that's what comes of being good and waiting!"



BOOK REVIEW

"MOTHER STORIES FROM THE BOOK OF MORMON."

This is the title of a volume of highly interesting and faith-promoting stories from the pen of Elder Wm. A. Morton. Brother Morton, is the author of "The Gospel Primer," "The Primary Helper," "A Child's Life of Our Savior," "A Child's Life of Brigham Young," etc. He seems, however, to have reserved his best efforts for his latest work. His stories from the Book of Mormon are simplicity itself, and

we do not see how anyone could make these sacred stories more interesting and inspiring than the author has done. The book will be of much benefit to teachers and pupils, who will find it of great assistance in Sunday School and Primary work. It consists of one hundred and forty-four pages, printed on extra heavy paper, from clear, new, large type, and is handsomely and substantially bound in stiff covers. On sale at the Deseret Sunday School Union Book Store, Salt Lake City, Utah, 50 cents a copy, postpaid.

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